

TRANSLATION

OF THE
SECOND BOOK
OF

HORACE's Epistles,

TOGETHER WITH
Some of the most select in the FIRST,
With NOTES.

A Pastoral Courtship, from Theocritus.
One original Poem in *English*,

AND A
Latin ODE spoken before the Govern-
ment on His Majesty's Birth-Day, 1730.

By CHARLES CARTHY, A. M.



DUBLIN: Printed by Christopher Dickson, in the Post-Office-Yard,
Sycomore-Alley, M,DCC,XXXI.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

40.
12.
193.





SUBSCRIBERS.

A

THE Honourable Mr. Allen,
Maturine Allinet, A.M. Fellow of T. C. D.
Alexander Alcock, A. B.
Nicholas Archdall, Esq;
William Aldrich, Esq;
Mr. Adderly, F. C. T. C. D.
Mr. Robert Archer, Surgeon,
Mr. Townley Aughmooty,
Mr. John Averell, T. C. D.
Mr. John Adair,
Mr. Boyle Aldworth,
Mr. William Alcock.

B

THE Right Honourable Earl of Barrymore,
The Right Honourable Lord Blaney,
The Honourable Henry Barry, Esq;
The Honourable Thomas Butler, Esq;
The Honourable John Butler, Esq;
The Honourable Mr. Thomas Bermingham,
The Reverend Doctor Richard Baldwin, Provost
of T. C. D.
The Reverend Doctor Bradford,
The Reverend Doctor Richard Bolton,
The Reverend Mr. Robert Barclay, F. T. C. D.
The Reverend Mr. Robert Brereton,
Mrs. Burton,
Mrs. Mary Billingsley,
Colonel Butler,
Major Billingsley,
Captain Barry,
John Brown, Esq;
Francis Bleak, Esq; Counsellor at Law,
Amyas Bush, Esq;
William Brabazon, Esq;
Arthur Baldwin, Esq;
Benjamin Barrington, A. B.
Ludlow Brabazon, A. B.
Lewis Bruce, A. B.
Mr. Ulysses Burgh, T. C. D.
Mr. John Burgh, T. C. D.

Mr. Jacob Barlow, T. C. D.
Mr. Randolph Barrington, T. C. D.
Mr. George Bateman, T. C. D.
Mr. Peter Benson, T. C. D.
Mr. John Burton, T. C. D.
Mr. John Bradford, T. C. D.
Mr. William Bradford, Surgeon,
Mr. Rupert Barbor,
Mr. William Burgh,
Mr. Lambert Bayly,
Mr. Charles Bayly,
Mr. John Bingham,
Mr. Henry Bingham,
Mr. Richard Benson,
Mr. Samuel Barker,
Mr. Bridges Baldwin.

C

THE Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Clogher,
Vice-Chancellor of T. C. D.
The Reverend Mr. Caleb Cartwright, Fellow of
T. C. D.
The Reverend Philip Chamberlyn, L. L. D.
The Reverend Mr. Crow,
The Reverend Mr. Marmaduke Cox,
The Reverend Mr. Campbell,
Mrs. Conolly,
Mrs. Clayton,
Mrs. Cuff,
Mrs. Elizabeth Clements,
Michael Cuff, Esq;
Thomas Cuff, Esq;
Darby Clark, Esq;
Nathaniel Clements, Esq;
Baldwin Crow, Esq;
William Cowper, Esq;
John Carthy, Esq;
John Cramer, Esq;
Mr. Curry, F. C. T. C. D.
John Chemys, M. D.
Walter Chamberlyn, A. M.
William Clements, A. M.

John

S U B C R I B E R S.

Joshua Cowper, A. M.
Edward Cotterel, A. B.
Mr. Edward Cary, T. C. D.
Mr. Walter Cope, T. C. D.
Mr. Chapman, T. C. D.
Mr. Thomas Cowper, T. C. D.
Mr. Henry Cope,
Mr. Robert Cope.

D

THE Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Duncannon,
The Honourable Mrs. Donnelon,
The Reverend Dean Daniel,
The Reverend Dr. Delany
The Reverend Mr. Donnelon, Fellow of T. C. D. 6
The Reverend Thomas Dawson, L. L. B.
The Reverend Mr. Philip Donagh,
Mrs. Hester Doyme,
Philip Doyme, Esq;
Edward Deering, Esq;
William Dunkin, A. B.
Henry Duncan, A. B.
Brabazon Disney, A. B.
Mr. James Dalacourt, T. C. D.
Mr. William Henry Dawson,
Mr. Dennis Delane,
Mr. John Drury,
Mr. Peter Dobson,
Mr. Nicholas Dufay.

E

THE Reverend Mr. John Elliott,
The Reverend Mr. Este,
John Elwood, L. L. D. and Senior Fellow of
T. C. D.
John Eustace, A. B.
Robert Edgworth, A. B.

F

THE Reverend Mr. Edward Ford, Fellow of
T. C. D.
The Reverend Mr. Fletcher,
The Reverend Mr. John Fell,
Mrs. Mary Forth,
Mrs. Mary Fisher,
Major Folliot,
Captain John Fletcher,
Thomas Forster, A. B.
Mr. Frankfort, T. C. D.
Mr. Forest Freeman, T. C. D.
Mr. Robert French,
Mr. Robert Fisher,
Mr. Simon Finch,
Mr. Thomas France.

G

THE Right Honourable Sr. Ralph Gore, Bart.
Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Speaker to
the Honourable House of Commons. 13

The Reverend Dr. Claudius Gilbert, Vice
Provost of T. C. D. 12
The Reverend Mr. Hugh Graffan, Fellow of
T. C. D. 22
The Reverend Mr. John Grattan,
The Reverend Mr. Robert Grattan,
The Reverend Mr. Gibbons,
The Reverend Mr. Godley,
Mrs. Gorges,
Mrs. Gavan,
Luke Gardiner, Esq; D. V. T. of Ireland, 20
William Gore, Esq; Collector of Waterford,
Richard Gorges, Esq;
William Gore of Woodford, Esq;
James Grattan, M. D.
Charles Grattan, A. M.
Major de Grangie, 2
Mr. Green, Surgeon.
Mr. Thomas Gavan,
Mr. Richard Griffith,
4 Mr. George Glover,
6 Mr. Francis Goldsberry, T. C. D.
Mr. Alexander Gunning, T. C. D.

H

THE Right Honourable William, Lord Baron
of Howth, 22
The Right Honourable Lady Howth,
The Reverend Mr. Lambert Hughes, Senior
Fellow of T. C. D.
The Reverend Mr. Henry Hamilton, Fellow of
T. C. D.
The Reverend Mr. Hudson, Fellow of T. C. D. 6
The Reverend Mr. Mordaunt Hamilton,
The Reverend Mr. Holt,
The Reverend Mr. Thomas Heany, 10
The Reverend Mr. Higginson,
The Reverend Mr. Hewetson,
Richard Helsham, M. D. and Professor of Na-
tural Philosophy in T. C. D. 6
Rowley Hill, Esq; 2
Tobias Hall, Esq;
Dillon Hampson, Esq;
James Hartson, Esq;
Wentworth Harman, Esq; 6
William Harrison, Esq; one of the Honourable
Commissioners of Excise.
Mr. Wesley Harman,
Mr. Hoare, F. C. T. C. D.
John Hickey, A. B.
Samuel Hayles, A. B.
Patrick Hughes, A. B.
Mr. James Hingston, T. C. D.
Mr. James Houston, T. C. D.
Mr. Howison,
Mr. Edmond Hill, T. C. D.
Mr. George Howse, T. C. D.
Mr. Hugh Hogan,
Mr. James Hamilton,
Mr. Roger Hall,

Colonel

SUBSCRIBERS.

Colonel Alexander Hutchinson,
Lieutenant Alexander Hutchinson,

I

THE Reverend Dr. Jackson,
The Reverend Mr. John Jackson,
The Reverend Mr. Daniel Jackson,
The Reverend Mr. Peter Jackson,
Robert Johnson, Esq;
Robert Johnson, A. B.
Mr. George Jackson, T. C. D.
Mr. Hugh Johnston, T. C. D.

K

THE Right Honourable the Earl of Kildare,
The Right Hon. the Countess of Kildare,
The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Kingstand,
The Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Killala,
The Right Honourable Lord Kingston
Mrs. Frances Arrabella Kelly,
Mrs. Frances Keating,
Maurice Keating, Esq;
Richard Henry Keating, Esq;
Thomas Keating, Esq;
Thomas Kingsbury, M. D.

L

THE Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Leighlin
and Ferns,
The Reverend Mr. Ryce Loyd,
The Reverend Mr. Lyndon,
The Reverend Mr. Leigh,
Lady Levings,
Mrs. Alicia Lambert,
Mrs. Jane Lovell,
Sir Richard Levings, Bart.
Montague Lambert, Esq;
Stephen Lapp, Esq;
John Langrish, Esq;
Mr. William Lyndon,
Mr. William Lill,
Mr. James Diggs Latouch,
Mr. Edward Lee.

M

THE Right Hon. Lord Viscount Massareen,
The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Mount Caffel,
The Right Honourable Thomas Marlay, Esq;
Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.
The Reverend Mr. Aeneas Mc. Mullin
The Reverend Mr. Robert Morgan,
The Reverend Mr. Samuel Madden,
Mrs. Mc. Mullin,
Mrs. Anna Maria Moore,
Thomas Medlicott, Esq; one of the Honourable
Commissioners of Excise.
Charles Maddox, Esq;

Anthony Marlay, Esq;
Nicholas Mahon, Esq;
William Moore, Esq;
John Meares, Esq;
Dr. Madden, Anatomy Professor, in T. C. D.
Dr. Mc. Naughton,
Edward Molloy, A. M. Fellow of T. C. D.
Captain Millar,
Ensign Mumford,
Mr. William Maguire,
Henry Mason, Esq;
Mr. Madden, E. C. T. C. D.
Mr. Madden, T. C. D.
Mr. Redmond Morris, T. C. D.
Mr. John Moore, T. C. D.
Mr. Edward Moore, T. C. D.
Mr. James Moore, T. C. D.
Mr. Edward Murphy, T. C. D.
Mr. Robert Miller, T. C. D.
Mr. Richard Mercer,
Mr. Stephen Mc. Mullin,
Mr. William Marshal, Junior.

N

THE Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Netterville,
The Reverend Mr. Henry Nix,
The Reverend Mr. Maurice Neligan,
Thomas Newcomen, Esq; Councillor at Law,
Mr. Lawrence Neligan, T. C. D.
Mr. Michael Neligan, T. C. D.
William Naper, Esq;
Mr. Edward Nicholson,
Mr. William Nicholson,

O

THE Right Honourable Lord Oxmantown,
The Reverend Doctor Owen,
The Rev'd. Mr. John Obbyns, Fellow of T. C. D.
Lieutenant Ormsby,
Mr. Ollyffe,

P

THE Reverend Mr. Joshua Pullen,
The Reverend Mr. Matthew Pilkington,
The Reverend Mr. George Phillips,
The Reverend Mr. Charles Phillips,
The Reverend Mr. Thomas Palmer,
The Reverend Mr. Pearson,
The Reverend Mr. Richard Pocock,
Mrs. Pallisar, Senior,
Mrs. Pallisar, Junior,
Mrs. Elizabeth Pennesfather,
Mrs. Plunket,
Mrs. Pilkington,
Sir Henry Piers, Bart.
William Pallisar, Esq;
Colonel Mathew Penesfather, Accountant General.
Ambrose Phillips, Esq;

A

Captain

SUBSCRIBERS.

Captain Preston,
 Captain Christopher Phillips,
 Cornet Preston,
 William Penn, Esq;
 Mr. Prior,
 Mr. Samuel Pullen, T. C. D.
 Mr. William Pullen, T. C. D.
 John Putland, A. B.
 Kean Percival, A. B.
 Mr. Thomas Putland, T. C. D.
 Mr. Thomas Parnwell, T. C. D.
 Mr. George Putland,

R

THE Right Hon. the Earl of Roscommon, 2
 The Reverend Mr. Stephen Rowe,
 Mrs. Elizabeth Ray,
 James Riely, L. L. D. Master in Chancery,
 Dr. Robinson,
 Robert Riely, Esq;
 Robert Roberts, Esq;
 Mr. Richard Reddy,
 Mr. William Rochfort,
 Edward Rowlands, Esq;
 Mr. Mark Ransford, T. C. D.

S

THE Right Honourable Henry Lord Baron of
 Santry, 22
 The Right Honourable Lady Santry,
 The Honourable Mr. Clorworthy Skeffington,
 F. N. T. C. D.
 The Hon. Mr. Arthur Skeffington, F. C. T. C. D.
 The Honourable John Skeffington, Esq;
 The Honourable Henry St. Lawrence, Esq;
 The Reverend Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's,
 The Reverend Doctor St. Paul,
 The Reverend Doctor Sheridan,
 The Reverend Mr. Stewart, Senior Fellow of
 T. C. D. 12
 The Reverend Mr. Shaw, Senior Fellow of T. C. D.
 The Reverend Mr. Edward Shand,
 The Reverend Mr. Skelton,
 The Reverend Mr. Sterling,
 The Reverend Currel Smith, L. L. B.
 Mrs. Lucy Southwell,
 Anthony Shepard Senior, Esq;
 Anthony Shepard Junior, Esq;
 Henry Sandford, Esq;
 James Sandford, Esq;
 Joseph Stopford, Esq;
 ——— Scot Esq;
 Abraham Shrigley, Esq;
 John Sheridan, Esq; Councillor at Law.
 Skeffington Smith, Esq;
 Mr. James Sterling,
 Mr. Lambert Skeffington, T. C. D. 15

Mr. Conway Spencer, T. C. D.
 Mr. Leeson Shaw,
 Mr. Stephen Stretch,
 William Smyth, M. D.

T

THE Right Hon. Lord Viscount Tyrone, 8
 The Right Honourable Richard Tighe, Esq;
 Fellow of the Royal Society, and one of His
 Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council 4
 The Rev'd. Mr. Taylor, Arch Deacon of Ardagh,
 The Reverend William Tryddle, L. L. B.
 The Reverend Mr. John Towers,
 Mrs. Alicia Tisdall,
 Mrs. Mary Tisdall,
 Colonel Charles Tottenham
 Thomas Tickel, Esq;
 Thomas Trotter, L. L. D. and Vicar General of
 the Diocese of Dublin.
 William Tighe Esq;
 Philip Tisdall, Esq;
 Robert Taylor, Esq; 2
 Robert Tench, Esq;
 Richard Tisdal, A. B.
 Mr. John Tooker, T. C. D.
 Mr. James Tobin,
 Mr. Anthony Towers.

V

William Usher, Esq; 2
 Mr. Simon Vashon.

W

THE Right Honourable Thomas Lord Wynd-
 ham, Lord High Chancellor of Ireland.
 The Rev. Dr. Whetcomb, Senior Fellow of T. C. D.
 The Reverend Mr. John Wynne,
 The Reverend Mr. Wilson of Shinglefs,
 The Reverend Mr. Wilding,
 The Reverend Mr. Thomas Wesby,
 Lady Walker,
 Mrs. Judith Wheeler 2
 Henry Ware, Esq;
 Caspar White, Esq;
 Francis White, Esq;
 Wrothley Waton, Esq;
 Colonel Wall
 John Walls, A. B.
 Mr. Philip Whittingham, T. C. D.
 Mr. Thomas Warren, T. C. D.
 Mr. Joseph Whittall, T. C. D.
 Mr. Winnett.

Y

MR. Charles Young



To the Right Honourable
Thomas Lord Baron Wyndham, of Finglass,
Lord High Chancellor of *Ireland.*

WHILE you, my Lord, a Weight of Bus'ness bear,
Which claims your Wisdom, Probity, and Care:
While you with generous Concern attend
The Widow's Pray'rs, the Orphan's Right defend:
While o'er *Hibernia's* Peers, (who pleas'd behold
So bright a Name among their own enrol'd)
You with becoming Dignity preside,
Their Reas'nings moderate, their Councils guide,
Pardon this bold Intrusion, nor refuse,
Tho' small, the Off'ring of a youthful Muse;
And if in Concert with that just Applause
A Nation gives the Guardian of her Laws,
Her feeble, artless Voice she strives to raise,
Accept, Great Sir, the Tribute of her Lays,
Who, tho' unconscious of *Apollo's* Fires,
Attempts to sing what Gratitude inspires.

DEDICATION.

But is your Praise a Subject for my Song,
Your Praise, to which the noblest Strains belong?
Or, can the lowest of *Ierne's* Choir
To such exalted Merit tune her Lyre?
Yet will I dare—I catch unusual Flame,
When Virtue, such as thine, becomes the Theme,
Who faithful to your high, and sacred Trust,
'As *Cato* firm, as *Aristides* just,
Th' Oppressor's Hand can check with god-like Zeal,
And blind to Int'rest poize the even Scale,
By Prejudice unsway'd whose steady Soul
To Truth for ever points as to her Pole,
While Fraud, howe'er disguis'd by Art, you trace,
And pull the Vizard from the Villain's Face.
These are the Virtues of the noblest Kind,
Of the first Order in the human Mind,
By which the Chiefs of *Rome* and *Greece* excel'd,
And o'er their Foes, more than by Arms, prevail'd,
Which Mankind first from Woods to Cities drew,
By which small Towns to States, and States to Empires grew.
If we behold you in a milder Light,
To awful Reverence succeeds Delight;
All that is graceful, and polite we find
To the sublimest Pitch of Virtue join'd.
So that from publick Cares when you unbend
Your Thoughts, and to your private Self descend,

You're

DEDICATION

You're still admir'd, abstracted from the State
Of *George's* and *Astræa's* Delegate.

O! be it to your other Glories plac'd,
(At once to shew your Goodness, and your Taste)
That to the Muse's Seat you turn'd your Eyes,
And bid *Ierne's* drooping *Genius* rise.

If Immortality my Verse could give,
For this your honour'd Name shou'd ever live;
Nor shou'd their Merits be untold to Fame,
Who gen'rously approv'd your noble Scheme,
To tune each rival Voice to *George's* Praise,
And with uncommon Bounty crown our Lays.

I am, my Lord,

with the greatest Respect,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

humble and obedient Servant,

Charles Carthy.

☞ The Persons here meant are his Grace the Lord Primate, and Sir Ralph Goring, who, when Lords Justices, readily came into the Lord Chancellor's Proposal to give (of their own private Bounty) a Premium of 100 l. for Exercises in the College on His Majesty's Birth Day, 1730.

DEDICATIO

Q. HORATII FLACCI
EPISTOLARUM
LIBER SECUNDUS.

Epistola I. ad Augustum.

(a) *CUM* tot sustineas, & tanta negotia solus,

Res Italas armis tueris, moribus ornes,

Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,

Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.

Romulus, & Liber Pater, & cum Castore Pollux,

Post ingentia facta Deorum in templa recepti,

(b) *Dum terras,*

hominumq; colunt genus, aspera bella

Componunt,

T H E
S E C O N D B O O K
O F T H E
E P I S T L E S of H O R A C E.

Epistle I. to *Augustus*.

Sermoni propiora.

WHILE you so various, and so great Affairs, (b)
The Bus'ness of a World, alone sustain:
While you with Arms protect, with Morals grace,
With wholesome Laws reform the *Roman* State,
Shou'd I detain you by a long Discourse,
I wou'd, O *Cæsar*, hurt the Publick-weal. (c)

Rome's Founder, *Bacchus*, and the famous *Twins*,
After their mighty Actions deified,
While they taught Arts to cultivate the Earth,
Polish'd rude Men, destructive Wars compos'd,

*Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt ;
 Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis : diram qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaq; fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.
 (c) Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes*

Infra se positas; extinctus amabitur idem.

*(d) Præsentī tibi maturos largimur honores,
 Jurandasq; tuum per nomen ponimus aras,*

Nil oriturum aliās, nil ortum tale fatentes.

*(e) Sed tuus hic populus, sapiens & justus in uno,
 Te nostris Ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,
 Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoq;
 Æstimat; et nisi quæ terris semota, suisq;
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit & odit.
 Sic fautor veterum, ut (f) tabulas peccare vetantes*

Quas

Built Towns, and Lands to Colonies assign'd,
 Complain'd their Merits met with small Returns
 Of Gratitude and Praise. Ev'n he, whose Arm
 Impell'd by Fate the well-known Monsters slew,
 Found Envy cou'd be only tam'd by Death.
 For Virtue, to it's full Meridian rais'd
 By the depressing of inferior Arts,
 Hurts the weak Eye, and scorches while it shines;
 Yet when it sets, all bless the parting Ray,
 And spread those Laurels on the Hero's Tomb,
 Which while he liv'd were to his Brows denied.
 To you ev'n present we ripe Honours give,
 Erecting Altars sacred to your Name,
 And grateful own your equal never rose
 In former Times, nor shall in Times to come.

But this your People just herein, and wise
 In placing you before the noblest Chiefs
 E'er seen in *Rome* or *Greece*, in other Things
 Shew not so true a Taste; as when they hate
 And nauseate all that's new, for being so.
 Fond of Antiquity to such Degree

Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum
 Vel Gabii, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
 (g) Pontificum libros, annosa (h) volumina vatum

Diſtinet (i) Albano Musas in monte locutas.
 Si, quia Græcorum sunt (k) antiquissima quæq;
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
 Scriptores trutinâ; non est quod multa loquamur,
 Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri;
 Venimus ad summum fortunæ: pingimus atq;
 Psallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.

Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
 Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus.
 Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
 Perfectos veteresq; referri debet, an inter
 Viles atq; novos?

excludat jurgia finis.

Est vetus atq; probus centum qui perficit annos.
 Quid, qui deperit minor uno mense vel anno,

Inter quos referendus erit? veteresne poetas,

That the *Decemvir's* Laws, the Leagues our Kings
 With the rough *Sabines*, and the *Gabians* made,
 The *Sybil's* Prophecies, and Pontiff's Books
 Seem with divinest Harmony inspir'd,
 And utter'd by the Nine on *Alba's* Hill.
 If, since the oldest Writings of the *Greeks*
 Are much the best, the *Romans* must be weigh'd
 In the same Ballance, we as well may say,
 The Olive hath no Stone, the Nut no Shell,
 That we excel in Arts, and paint, and sing,
 And wrestle better than th' anointed *Greeks*.
 Is this the Case? Then I would gladly know;
 If Poetry, like Wine, by Age refines,
 When are it's Days of full Maturity?
 Suppose a Writer dead one hundred Years,
 Is he among the perfect Antients plac'd,
 Or in the despicable upstart Class?
 Here let us fix the Question in Dispute.
 Well 'tis agreed a hundred Years may give
 A Writer due Perfection, should a Month,
 Or Year be wanting to compleat the Time,
 Where must he stand? among the antient Bards,

An quos & præsens, & postera respuet ætas?

Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honestè,

Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permissis, caudæq; pilos ut equinæ

Paulatim vello; & demo unum, demo etiam unum,

Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis æcervi,

Qui redit ad fastos,

& virtutem computat annis,

Miraturq; nihil nisi quod Libitina sacravit.

(l) Ennius & sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,

(m) Ut Critici dicunt, levitè curare videtur

Quo promissa cadant, & somnia Pythagorea.

(n) Nævius in manibus non est; (o) at mentibus hæret

Pœne recens;

adèò sanctum est vetus omne poema.

Ambigitur quoties (p) uter utro sit prior; aufert

(q) Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti,

Dicitur Afranî (r) toga convenisse Menandro,

Plautus

Or the vile Moderns, born to be despis'd
 Both by the present and succeeding Age?
 A Month or Year's a Trifle, he may claim
 Antiquity with Justice: Then I take
 What's granted, and as if a Horse's Tail
 Were pull'd by Hairs insensibly away,
 So less'ning by degrees the given Sum,
 I shew their Weakness, who by Annals judge,
 Who measure Merit by the Length of Time,
 And only what Death consecrates admire.
Ennius, the first in Reputation held,
 The Sage, the Warrior, and the Prince of Bards,
 As Critics say, seems to take little Pains
 His *Pythagoric* Visions to fulfil.
 Tho' *Nævius* is not extant, yet his Works
 Confirm'd by Years are fresh in Memory,
 So sacred are all antient Poems thought.
 Whenever two old Writers are compar'd,
 Distinct Perfections are assign'd to each.
Pacuvius for his Learning is admir'd,
Accius for Loftiness; in Comedy
Afranius equal to *Menander* seems,

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicbarini,

Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.

Hos ediscit, & hos arcto stipata theatro

Spectat Roma potens; habet hos, numeratq; poetas

Ad nostrum tempus, (f) Livii scriptoris ab ævo.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt: est ubi peccat.

Si veteres ita miratur laudatq; poetas.

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat.

Si quædam nimis antiquè, si pleraq; durè

Dicere credit eos, ignavè multa fatetur;

Et sapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.

Non equidem insector, delendaq; carmina Livii

Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi quondam

Orbilium dictare:

Sed emendata videri

Pulchraq; & exactis minimùm distantia, miror;

Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum,

Si versus paulò concinnior unus & alter;

Injustè totum ducit, venditq; poema.

Indignor

Plautus is never idle, on his Plot
 Intent like *Epicarmus*, to *Cæcilius*
 Solemnity's allow'd, to *Terence* Art.
 These are the Writings taught, these mighty *Rome*
 Throngs to her Theatres to view; these are the Bards
 Approv'd from *Livy* down to present Times.
 The Crowd is sometimes right, but often wrong;
 If they implicitly admire and praise
 The antient Works without the least reserve,
 Thinking them matchless, they are surely wrong.
 But if they candidly allow that some
 Wear too antique a Dress, and many more
 Are stiff and harsh, and carelessly compos'd,
 They make for me, their Judgment *Jove* approves.
 Not that I'd have old *Livy's* Works destroy'd,
 (As if I spitefully remember'd all
 The Stripes they cost me when a Boy at School)
 But I'm surpriz'd they should appear correct,
 Ev'n beautiful, and regularly wrote;
 Where if one graceful Word by chance should rise,
 Or a few shining polish'd Lines break forth,
 They shall set off, and recommend the whole.

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse

Compositum,

illeepidè va putetur, sed quia nuper;

Nec veniam antiquis,

sed honorem & præmia posci.

Rectè necnè (t) crocum floresq; perambulet Attæ

Fabula si dubitem; clament periisse pudorem

Cuncti pænè Patres:

ea cum reprehendere conor,

Quæ gravis (u) Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:

Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,

Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ

Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Iam (x) saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri:

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditq; sepultis;

Nostra sed impugnat; nos nostraq; lividus odit.

Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset

Quam

I'm splenetick, when I hear People blame /
 A Composition not for being dull,
 Insipid, or the like, but being new ;
 And, not content the Antients to excuse,
 Claim for their very faults Rewards and Praise.
 Should I once doubt that *Atta's* Comic Muse,
 Treads gracefully the Stage, o'erspread with Flowers,
 The Senate to a Man would cry me down
 As past all shame for daring to dispute
 What *Æsop's* Gravity, and *Rosciu's* Skill
 Have represented with such vast Applause.
 This must proceed from Strength of Prejudice
 In favour of their own peculiar Taste,
 Or from a Shame their Judgment to submit
 To younger Men, and at their Years confess
 Those Works should perish, which they learn'd when Boys.
 He that seems ravish'd with the martial Song
 Of *Numa* (tho' 'tis all a Mystery
 To him as well as me) shews not so much
 His Zeal in favour of the Wits deceas'd,
 As envious Pleasure to detract from us.
 But if the *Greeks* in former Days had been

Quam nobis,

quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet

Quod legeret tereretq; viritum publicus usus.

(aa) *Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis*

Cæpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æquâ,

Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum;

Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amarvit;

Suspendit pietâ vultum mentemq; tabellâ;

Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisâ tragædis:

Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,

Quod cupidè petiit maturè plena reliquit.

Quid placet aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?

Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventiq; secundi.

Romæ dulce diu fuit, & solenne reclusâ

Manè domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,

From Novelty as much averſe, as we,
 What Work of theirs cou'd now be old? or how
 Should their Inſtructions to our Hands deſcend?

When *Greece* grew wanton, all her Wars compos'd,
 Her Virtue loſt in Luxury and Eaſe,
 She various Pleaſures hum'rouſly purſued;
 Now ſhe's delighted with th' *Olympic* Games;
 Now ſhe enamour'd views the Sculptor's Skill
 In Braſs, in Ivory, or Stone expreſs'd;
 On Painting now her Soul intenſely dwells;
 With Rapture now ſhe hears th' inſtructive Voice
 Of Tragedy, and Muſick's powerful Charms.
 So in a Child, the Nurſe's darling Care,
 With ev'ry preſent Object fated ſoon,
 New Toys ſucceſſively raiſe new Deſires.
 How prone is Man to change? what can be found
 That either pleaſes, or diſpleaſes long?
 This ſtill proceeds from peaceful proſp'rous Times.

At *Rome* 'twas cuſtomary to admit
 The early Client, and explain the Laws,

*Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos,
 Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ
 Crescere res possit, minui damnoſa libido.
 Mutavit mentem populus levis, & calet uno
 Scribendi ſtudio;*

*pueri, patreſq; ſeveri
 Fronde comas vineti cœnant, & carmina dictant.
 Ipſe ego, qui nullos me affirmo ſcribere verſus,
 Invenior (bb) Parthiſ mendacior, & priùs orto
 Sole vigil calamum, & chartas, & ſcrinia poſco.*

*Navem agere ignarus navis timet; abrotonum ægro
 Non audet niſi qui didicit, dare; quod medicorum eſt
 Promittunt medici; tractant fabrilia fabri:
 Scribimus indocti doctiq; poemata paſſim.*

*Hic error tamen & levis hæc inſania quantas
 Virtutes habeat ſic collige:*

vatiſ avaruſ

*Non temerè eſt animuſ; verſuſ amat, hoc ſtudet unum;
 Detrimenta, fugat ſervorum, incendia ridet;*

Money on best Security to lend,
 The Young to learn Instructions from the Old
 How to grow rich, and check pernicious Lusts.
 At length the fickle People chang'd their Minds,
 And Poetry is now profess'd by all,
 Both old and young with Wreaths of Laurel crown'd
 At Supper, dictate Verses to their Guests.
 I must confess, when I the Muse disown
 I lie like any *Partbian*, scarce I wake
 But Desks, and Pen and Paper must be brought.

He, that's no Sailor, dreads to steer a Ship;
 None but Physicians Physick dare prescribe;
 Craftsmen use Tools peculiar to their Art;
 But Poetry's an universal Trade,
 To which we all, skill'd or unskill'd, pretend.
 And yet some Virtues from this Frenzy spring,
 How great—you'll readily collect from hence:
 The Bard to Avarice is seldom prone,
 Verses he loves, and studies nought beside;
 He feels no Losses, tho' his House be burn'd,
 And Servants run away, he smiles compos'd;

Non fraudem socio, puerorū incogitat ullam

Pupillo; vivit filiquis & pane secundo;

Militiæ quanquam piger & malus, utilis urbi;

Si das hoc parvis quoq; rebus magna juvari;

Os tenerum pueri balbumq; Poeta figurat;

Torquet ab obscænis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;

Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

Asperitatis & invidiæ corrector & iræ;

Rectè facta refert;

orientia tempora certis

Instruit exemplis;

inopem solatur & ægrum:

(cc) Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti

Disceret undè preces,

vatem ni Musa dedisset?

Poscit opem chorus, & præsentia numina sentit;

Cælestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus,

Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit,

Im-

He neither wrongs his Pupil nor his Friend;
 Will feed on Husks, and eat the brownest Bread,
 And tho' ill qualify'd to serve in War,
 Hath Talents useful to the civil State,
 If you'll allow that even the lowest Arts
 May to the Publick be of great Concern;
 He to a graceful Elocution forms
 Boys tender stammering Tongues; he shuts their Ears
 Against Obscenity; with friendly Care
 Instilling Principles of Truth betimes,
 Wrath, Envy, rude Behaviour he corrects;
 He consecrates to Fame the glorious Acts
 Of all the mighty Dead, and makes their Lives
 Shining Examples for the Times to come;
 He sooths our Cares in Sickness and in Want:
 How shou'd chaste Virgins mix'd with modest Youths
 In choral Songs address th' immortal Gods
 Without the aid of sacred Poesie?
 With its persuasive Numbers wing'd their Pray'rs
 Ascend, and charm down Blessings on the State,
 The fruitful Rains descend, glad Harvests rise,

*Impetrat & pacem & locupletem frugibus annuum;
Carminē Di superi placantur, carminē Manes.*

(dd) *Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoq; beati
Condita post frumenta levantes tempore festo
Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
Cum sociis operum, & pueris & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi
Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
Libertasq; recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter; donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus, & per honestas
Ire minax impunè domos: doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti; fuit intactis quoq; cura*

*Conditione super communi: quin etiam (ee) lex
Pœnaq; lata malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam
Describi: vertere modum formidine fustis
Ad bene dicendum, delectandumq; redacti.*

Ev'n Peace and Health are Gifts we owe the Muse,
 Whose Off'rings please the Pow'rs of Heav'n and Hell.

The antient Hinds, a vigorous frugal Race,
 Their Corn laid up, and Labours at an End,
 With long-wish'd Festivals relax'd their Cares,
 And with the faithful Partners of their Toil,
 Their Wives and Children glad Oblations made:
Sylvanus Milk, the Earth a Hog receiv'd,
 And the all-cheering *Genius* Wine and Flowers.
 At these Solemnities the rustick Farce,
 Full of rough clownish Raillery, began
 In Verse alternate; for a Time it took
 As hum'rous and diverting; till at length
 Nor Innocence nor Honour could defend
 Best Families from it's licentious Rage.
 All took th' Alarm, and many yet unhurt
 Were with a generous Indignation fir'd
 For Virtue's common Cause, until a Law
 With strictest Punishment it's Fury curb'd,
 And the vile Ribaldry with the Bounds
 Of Manners, Sense, and Decency reduc'd.

(ff) *Græcia capta ferum Victorē cepit, & artes*
Intulit agresti Latio: sic horridus ille

Defluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere:

sed in longum tamen ævum
Manferunt, hodièq; manent vestigia ruris.

Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,

Et post (gg) Punica bella quietus quærere cæpit
Quid (hh) Sophocles & Thespis, & Æschylus utile ferrent.

Tentavit quoq; rem si dignè vertere posset:

Et placuit sibi, naturâ sublimis & acer;

Nam spirat tragicum satis, & fæliciter audet;

(ii) *Sed turpem putat in scriptis, metuitq; lituram.*

Creditur

Greece when a Captive triumph'd in her turn,
 And broke her Conqueror, tho' fierce and rude,
 To love of Letters, Elegance, and Arts.
 So the rough Numbers, us'd since *Saturn's* Days,
 The *Grecian* Delicacy melted down
 Into a purer, and a smoother Stile;
 Yet not so far refin'd, but some Alloy
 Of the old *Barbarism* still remains.
 For it was late before the *Romans* form'd
 Their Manner by the noble *Grecian* Taste,
 Not until after the first *Punic* War,
 When they began to search the useful Stores,
 Contain'd in *Thespis*, and in *Æschylus*,
 And the great *Sophocles's* lofty Page.
 A generous Emulation spur'd them on.
 To copy after such Originals,
 And by Translation grace their native Tongue.
 Happy in bold Attempts their Genius prov'd,
 By Nature both sublime and vehement,
 And greatly form'd for the high Tragic Strain:
 But to erase, or use the painful File
 Is what a *Roman* Wit cou'd never bear.

(kk) Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum;

sed habet Comædia tantò
Plus oneris, quantò veniæ minus:

Aspice Plautus

Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephēbi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosus:
Quantus sit Dossennus edacibus in parasitis:
Quam non astricto percurrat pulpita socco.

Gestit enim nummum in loculos demittere; post hoc
Securus cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.

(ll) Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso Gloria curru
Exanimat lentus spectator;

sedulus inflat.

Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit aut reficit: valeat res ludicra, si me

Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

(mm) Sæpè etiam audacem fugat hoc terretq; Poetam,
Quod

As Comedy takes all it's Characters
 From common Life, 'tis thought a Work of ease;
 Yet where the less Indulgence is allow'd,
 The greater Pains and Judgment are requir'd.
 See, with what inconstitence *Plautus* draws
 The various Humours of his am'rous Youth,
 The wily Pandar, and the thrifty Sire!
 What flattern Negligence *Dossennus* shews
 In his loose Stile, and how he tires our Ears
 With the trite Jokes of hungry Parasites!
 But he for Money writ —— and (that secur'd)
 Whether his Play were well or ill receiv'd
 He valu'd not; but he, who writes for Praise,
 And in Fame's airy Chariot mounts the Stage,
 Expires at the Spectator's Indolence,
 Or proudly swells at his intense Regard.
 So flight a Thing affects vain-glorious Minds!
 Farewel the Stage for me, if I must burst
 With Ecstasie, or sink into despair,
 Just as the Palm is granted or denied.

There is another Thing which quite distracts

*Quod numero plures, virtute & bonore minores,
Indocti, stolidiq; & depugnare parati
Si discordet Eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut ursum, aut pugiles: bis nam plebecula gaudet.*

(nn) *Verum Equitis quoq; jam migravit ab aure voluptas*

Omnis ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.

Quatuor aut plures aulae premuntur in horas,

Dum fugiunt equitum turmae, peditumq; catervae:

Mox trahitur manibus Regum fortuna retortis,

Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves:

(oo) *Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.*

Si foret in terris rideret (pp) Democritus, seu

(qq) *Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,*

Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora,

(rr) *Spektaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,*

Ut sibi praebentem mimo spectacula plura.

Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello

Fabellam surdo:

The boldest Bard, as when (his Play suppress'd)
 The mightier in Number, but in Sense,
 Virtue, and Honour much th' inferior Part
 In spite of Knights outrageously demand
 A Bear-beat, or a Prize, their fav'rite Sports;
 But these may be excus'd, when Knights themselves
 Give up the Pleasures of the Ear, and fly
 From Sense, and Wit, to Pageantry, and Show.
 For Hours the Scenes are clos'd, while a mad Rout
 Of flying Squadrons cross the Stage, and then
 Kings bound in Chains move dolefully along,
 With all the Spoils of War, Ships, Chariots, Arms,
 And captive Cities with their captive Gods.
 Were now *Democritus* alive, and saw
 The elegant Diversions here admir'd,
 Whether the whiteness of an Elephant,
 Or strange mix'd Animals set Crowds agape,
 The very People to his wond'ring Eyes
 Wou'd seem more ludicrous than Mimes, or Shows:
 He'd think deaf Affes sitting at a Play,
 And braying out their Joy wou'd be a Sight
 Not more ridiculous, than we afford;

(B) nam quæ pervincere voces

Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?

Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum:

Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes,

Divitiæq; peregrinæ;

(ff) quibus oblitus actor

Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera lævæ:

Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?

Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

(tt) At ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusam,

Cum rectè tractant alii, laudare malignè;

Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur

Ire Poeta,

meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet

Ut magus,

et modò me (uu) Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.

Verum

For where's the Voice so strong as to be heard
 Amidst the Noise our Theatres resound?
 Like the loud Bellowing of the *Tuscan* Sea,
 Or the *Garganian* Forest in a Storm,
 Is that wild Uproar rais'd, when splendid Shows,
 When foreign Arts and Riches are display'd;
 Wherewith if any Actor comes bedaub'd,
 A general Clap receives him. What's the Cause?
 Has he yet spoken? not a Word. What then?
 Embroidery and Purple charm their Eyes.
 But not to derogate due Praise from those
 Who have succeeded the dramatic Way,
 (Because that kind of Writing I decline)
 I freely own, that Poet seems to shew
 The greatest Force of Genius and of Art,
 Whose pow'rful Images can fill my Soul
 With Terrors, not her own; can Pity raise,
 Or Joy, and soft Complacency diffuse;
 Who by the wond'rous Magic of his Pen
 With strong Deception on my Fancy plays,
 Now fixes me at *Athens*, now at *Thebes*.

(aaa) *Verum age & bis, qui se lectori credere malunt*

Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,

Curam redde brevem,

si (bbb) munus Apolline dignum

Vis complere libris,

& vatibus addere calcar

Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

(ccc) *Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe Poetæ*

(Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) cum tibi librum

Sollicito damus, aut fesso; cum lædimur, unum

Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum;

Cum loca jam recitata revolvimus irrevocati;

Cum lamentamur non apparere labores

Nostros, & tenui deducta poemata filo;

Cum speramus eó rem venturam, ut simul atq;

Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultró

Arcessas, & egere vetes, & scribere cogas.

Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, quales

(ddd) *Ædituos habeat belli spectata domiq;*

Virtus, indigno non committenda Poetæ.

Yet to these likewise let your Care extend
 In some degree, who rather than submit
 To the capricious Censures of a Crowd,
 Prefer the Closet to the noisy Stage;
 If you wou'd furnish with immortal Works
 A Structure worthy of the God of Wit;
 And with a gen'rous Ardor wou'd inspire
 Our Poets to ascend the Muse's Hill.
 'Tis true (to look at home) we're often hurt
 By our own Indiscretion, when we break
 Into your Hours of Bus'ness, or Repose;
 When we resent the Freedom of a Friend
 For censuring Things that we our selves admire;
 When we unask'd turn back to fav'rite Lines,
 Or grieve our finest touches are not seen;
 When we expect to be enrich'd at once,
 Courted by *Cæsar*, and compel'd to write,
 The Instant we assume a Poet's Name.
 But it requires a Taste the most refin'd
 To know what Bard, with hallow'd Flames inspir'd,
 Shou'd offer Praises at fair Virtue's Shrine,
 By vulgar Spirits not to be profan'd.

Gratus Alexandro Regi magno fuit ille
Chærilus, incultis qui versibus & malè natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemq; remittunt
Atramenta, ferè scriptores carmine sædo
Splendida facta linunt. Idem Rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum, tam carum prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis se, præter (eee) Apellem,
Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra
Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia. Quod si
Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros, & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,
Bæotum in crasso jurares aere natum.

(fff) *At neq; dedecorant tua de se judicia, atq;*
Munera, quæ multâ dantis cum laude tulerunt
Dilecti tibi Virgilius, Variusq; Poetæ.

Nec magis expressi vultus per abenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animiq; virorum
Clarorum apparent:

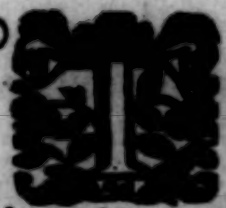
Great *Alexander* with his Friendship grac'd
 One *Claudian*, and for most wretched Verse,
 Rewarded him with *Philip's* royal Gold;
 But the rude Draughts of such unskilful Hands
 Stain splendid Deeds, as Ink defiles the Touch.
 And yet that very King, whose Bounty flow'd
 Upon a worthless Poem, gave Command,
 None, but *Apelles*, should in Colours draw,
 None, but *Lysippus*, imitate in Brass
 The Conqueror's Face and bold majestick Mien.
 So good his Taste in Chissel-work, and Paint!
 But shou'd you hear him judge the Muse's Art,
 You'd swear he was in dull *Bæotia* born.
 But your two Fav'rites by the wisest Choice,
Virgil, and *Varius*, immortal Bards!
 Reflect a Glory on their Patron's Name,
 Whose royal Gifts to such exalted Worth
 As much his Judgment, as his Bounty shew.
 For brazen Statues can't with nobler Art
 Set forth a Heroe's Person to the World,
 Than can the Paintings of a Poets Pen
 Express his Manners, and his Soul display.

*Repentes per humum, quam res componere gestas,
 Terrarumq; situs, Et flumina dicere, Et (ggg) arces
 Montibus impositas, Et barbara regna, tuisq;
 Auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,
 Clausuraq; custodem pacis cohibentia (hhh) Janum,
 (iii) Et formidatam Parthis te Principe Romam:
 Si quantum cuperem possem quoq; sed neq; parvum
 Carmen majestas recipit tua, nec meus audet
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
 Sedulitas autem, stultè quem diligit, urget;
 Præcipuè cum se numeris commendat Et arte:
 Discit enim citius meminitq; libentius illud
 Quod quis deridet quam quod probat Et veneratur.
 Nil moror officium quod me gravat,
 ac neq; ficto
 In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
 Aut pravè factis decorari versibus opto.
 Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, Et, una*

Had I a Genius form'd for great Designs,
 I shou'd not rather chuse this reptile Stile,
 Than raise my Voice to sing heroic Deeds,
 Countries and Rivers to describe, to tell
 Of Castles, built on hostile Mountains, storm'd,
 Of proud *Barbarian* Kings in Triumph led,
Rome under you to *Parthia* dreadful grown,
 And, every War brought to a glorious End,
 An universal Peace restor'd to Man.
 But *Cæsar's* Majesty wou'd suit but ill
 With vulgar Lays, nor dare my humble Muse
 Attempt a Subject for her Strength too great.
 A Fool's too fond Sedulity still proves
 Offensive to the great Man he admires,
 But chiefly when he shews his Zeal in Verse;
 For Men are apt more readily to learn
 An Error ridicul'd, than Beauties prais'd.
 I hate th' Officioufness that gives me Pain,
 And wou'd much rather be unkown, than seen
 In publick, wretchedly express'd in Wax,
 Or in dull Panegyric be lampoon'd.
 The fulsome Compliment wou'd make me blush,

*Cum scriptore meo, capsâ porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.*

N O T E S.

(a)  HIS Epistle is justly looked upon, as one of the finest Pieces of Antiquity, both for Panegyric and Criticism. Nothing can be imagin'd more noble and solemn than the Introduction, nor more delicate than the Compliments therein paid to *Cæsar*; whom although he raises far above all the Heroes that went before him, yet, in all he says, we meet with nothing extravagant, but the whole supported by a suitable Decency, as well as Grandeur of Thought and Diction. It was written on Account of a kind Rebuke our Author received from *Augustus*, who, as *Suetonius* informs us, finding no mention made of himself in several of *Horace's* Satyrs and Epistles, which he had seen, and with the Reading whereof he was charmed, gave him to understand, that he was not a little displeased with him, for not conversing chiefly with himself in that kind of Writing; concluding with this generous Expostulation, *whether he was afraid it would be a Disgrace to him, that Posterity should know he was his familiar Friend.*

(b) *Romulus, &c.* As the *Romans* placed the Statue of *Augustus* amongst those of *Romulus*, and the other tutelar Deities here mentioned, and decreed him the same divine Honours, *Horace* takes occasion to shew the Advantage *Augustus* had above them all in obtaining those Honours during his Life-time, which they never could attain to till after their Deaths. We find them celebrated, (Ode 3. B. 3.) with *Augustus* as one of their Number,

*Quos inter Augustus recumbens
Purpureo bibit ore Nectar.*

But what shews our Authors fine Address in this Place is, that all the great Actions ascribed to these Heroes are such as admit of a direct Application to *Augustus* himself, for *Suetonius* tells us, he peopled *Italy* with no less than twenty eight Colonies, he likewise built *Nicopolis* near *Ægium*, after the Defeat of *Anthony*, with many Towns in *Spain* and elsewhere. Of his reforming the People by wholesome Laws, and the Example of his own Manners, there is mention made in the Beginning of this Epistle; and towards the latter End thereof, his composing of Wars and restoring Peace throughout the World are taken Notice of in the following Lines,

— — — — — *tuisq;*
*Auspiciis totum consecuta duella per orbem
Clausuraq; Custodem pacis cohibentia Janum.*

It is likewise worth while to observe in what our Author makes true Heroism to consist, not in ravaging and dispeopling Countries, not in sacking and burning Towns, nor in subverting the Laws and Liberties of Mankind; but in the quite contrary to all these.

(c) *Urit enim*, We have the same beautiful Observation, Ode 14. B. 3.

*Virtutem incolumem odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quævimus, invidi.*

(d) *Præsenti* does not here signify what it usually does, when attributed to a Deity, viz. propitious, or ready to assist; but alive, and present on Earth, thus, (Ode 5, B. 3.) *Præsens Divus habebitur Augustus.*

(e) *Sed tuus hic populus*, *Horace* enters here with a most happy and easy Transition from the Praises of *Augustus* to the main Business of his Epistle, which is to expose and ridicule the

And justly fear, that both my Bard and I
 Shou'd to those Shops be speedily convey'd
 Where Spices are wrapt up in senseless Works.

the vicious Taste of the People in preferring the antient *Roman* Writers to the Modern merely on Account of their Antiquity.

(f) *Tabulas peccare vetantes*, The Laws of the twelve Tables, collected by three *Roman* Delegates from the best Institutions of *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and other Law-givers of *Greece*. Upon their being brought to *Rome*, there were ten Magistrates (called *Decemviri*) chosen, and invested with Sovereign Authority, to digest these Laws into order, and propose them to the People; this happened about the Year of *Rome*, 300.

(g) *Pontificum libros*, These Books contained the Rites and Ceremonies of the *Roman* Religion, as instituted by *Numa*.

(h) *Annosa volumina Vatum*, The Credit of these old Prophecies chiefly subsisted by their being very obscure and equivocal, and consequently capable of different Meanings, which were conveniently applied as occasion required.

(i) *Albano in monte*, This is a fine Ridicule upon the People, as if their Fondness for these old Compositions, should make them fancy, that no less than the whole Sisterhood of the Muses must have quit their *Helicon* and *Parnassus*, to deliver them on Mount *Alba*, where *Numa* formerly pretended he had his Laws dictated to him by the Goddess *Egeria*.

(k) *Antiquissima scripta*, Such are the Works of *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Pindar*, and their famous dramatic Writers, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*.

(l) *Ennius*, *Horace* to strengthen his preceding Argument, and moderate the too great Esteem the People had for the antient Writers, shews that the Reputation even of *Ennius*, the most admired of them all was not so unexceptionable as they imagined. He gives him three Epithets by way of Raillery for his boasting to have been, by several Transmigrations, *Pythagoras*, *Euphorbus*, and *Homer*; he is therefore said to have taken little Pains to perform his Promises and fulfil his *Pythagoric* Visions, because his Works did not answer the Character of a Person who pretended to be possessed of the Soul of *Homer*.

(m) *Ut Critici dicunt*, These Words may be annexed either to the foregoing Line, and then *Critici* will be a Term of Ridicule, or rather to what follows, and then it will signify, either particularly those Judges who were appointed by *Augustus*, to examine and approve of such Books as were worthy to be placed in the *Palatine* Library, or in general all Persons of true Taste and Judgment.

(n) *Nevius in manibus non est*, After the Censure passed upon *Ennius*, he produces *Nevius*, as an Instance of the strong Prejudice of the People in favour of the Antients. The Meaning of this Passage and of what follows down to, *Interdum vulgus &c.* I take to be this; "Though *Nevius*, has been so far neglected by the learned, as not to be in Use, nor even at this Time extant, yet so sacred and venerable is the old Poetry, that the People preserve him fresh in their Memories, learning him from one another; nay so extremely tender are they of the Reputation of these favourite Writers, that, *Ambigitur quoties &c.* as often as any two of them happen to be compared together, the Critique never turns upon the Faults of either, but their particular and distinct Perfections, so as that the Character of the one may not be raised at the Expence of the other; thus should *Pacuvius* and *Accius* be put in Comparison, the former is admired for his Learning, the other for Sublimity, and so on.

(o) *At mentibus hæret*, To clear the Difficulty of this Passage, *M. Dacier*, supposes an Advocate for the Antients to speak here in Answer to what *Horace* advances in the preceding Sentence, and to continue his Defence for the nine Verses following, till we come to, *Interdum vulgus &c.* where *Horace* resumes his Discourse. According to this Supposition, the Sense will be as follows: When *Horace* objects, that *Nevius* was not read; the other

answers, that there was no occasion for his being read, because every Body had him by heart; then goes on, *Ambigitur quoties &c.* to shew that the several Merits of the following Poets were never disputed, that their Works were constantly taught in the Schools, and represented in the Theatres with general Applause; upon which *Horace* replies, *Interdum vulgus &c.* allowing that the People were sometimes just in the Praises they gave those Writers, who were not without their Excellencies, but still insists that they were likewise wrong in carrying their Esteem to such a Pitch, as to think they were not liable to any Exception, and absolutely to exclude the Moderns from the least Competition with them in any respect. This Explication would appear very natural and consistent, were it not for this one Objection, which I think lyes against it, viz. that if we are to suppose an Advocate introduced here for the Antients, we must allow he betrays his Cause very much, in giving up *Ennius* entirely, and not saying a Word in his Defence, although *Horace*, lays a particular Stress upon what was urged against him as being universally esteemed much preferable to *Naevius*, if not the best of all the antient Roman Poets.

(p) *Uter utro*, These Words refer to the three following Pairs; *Pacuvius* and *Accius*, *Asinius* and *Plautus*, *Cacilius* and *Terence*.

(q) These were all dramatic Writers.

(r) *Toga convenisse Menandro*, There is a great Beauty in this Expression, which cannot well be preserved in a Translation. *Toga* was that particular Dress the Roman Players made use of in acting Comedy, which for this reason was called *Togata*; thus *Quintilian*, speaking of this very Writer, *In togatis excellit Asinius &c.* hence our Author, expresses the close Resemblance of Style and Manner between *Asinius* and *Menander*, by the comic Dress of the former suiting the latter. *Menander* is famous for being the Founder of the new Comedy among the Greeks, so called to distinguish it from that of *Eupolis*, *Cratinus* and *Aristophanes*, which was justly blameable for it's Licentiousness in attacking particular Persons, not only notorious Villains, but even such Men as *Socrates*, *Pericles*, &c. who were ridiculed to their Faces in these Performances. But *Menander* entirely altered this gross Manner by introducing general Characters only upon the Stage, which as it was the less offensive, was likewise the more effectual Way of exposing the Vices and Follies observable in common Life, of which Comedy ought to be a just Representation.

(s) *Livi scriptoris ab ævo*, The Person here meant is *Livius Andronicus*, the oldest dramatic Writer among the Romans, who began to flourish immediately after the first Punic War in the Year of Rome 514, but more of this hereafter.

(t) *Crocum floresq;* The Antients upon particular solemn Occasions used to scatter all sorts of Flowers through their Theatres, and sprinkle the Seats with Water perfumed with Saffran, Baum and other rich Preparations.

(u) *Gravis Æsopus, doctus Roscius*, These were two celebrated Actors at Rome, the former famous for Tragedy, the latter for Comedy, to whom *Cicero* gives this high Encomium, *that for his admirable Skill and gracefulness of Gesture he deserved to be immortal.*

(x) *Saliare Numæ carmen*; A Hymn sung by the Priests of *Mars*, an Order founded by *Numa*. This was a Piece the Romans had in great Veneration, although not a Man of them understood a Word of it; as it is common with People to imagine, that there must be something more than ordinary in all mystical and very abstruse Writings, especially if they have Antiquity of their Side, as the Gloominess of an antient Grove renders it more solemn, and usually strikes us with a certain religious Awe.

(aa) *Ut primum*, *Horace* in the four preceding Lines puts this Question; if Novelty, says he, had been as hateful formerly to the Greeks, as at present to the Romans, what Work of theirs could now be old? Or what should we be able to do for want of those Writings, which are now so useful and instructive to us? As much as to say, how could these Works have descended to us, if through a Hatred to Novelty they had been suppressed and stifled in their very Birth, for as much as all Things must have a Beginning, and one time or other be new? Upon which in this Place he proceeds to shew, that this very Principle, viz. the Love of Novelty (which is at all times natural to Man, but chiefly so in times of Peace and Prosperity) gave birth to all the liberal Arts in Greece, even to Poetry it self; which as he farther observes, took it's Rise likewise among the Romans from the same Inconstancy. But *Horace* has yet a farther View, which answers directly to the main Scope of this Epistle, and it is to shew, that of all the liberal Arts which arose either in Greece or Rome, Poetry was the last; which never appeared in Italy in any kind of a regular Performance before the dramatic Works of *Livius Andronicus*. Now as all Arts are somewhat rude at first and require Time gradually to improve, it naturally follows that Perfection is less to be expected in those antient

antient Works that were written when Poetry was in it's Infancy, than in the Productions of a later Date when it had grown up to it's full Maturity, to which it was arrived in the Days of *Augustus*; when it was so universally encouraged and cultivated, that the Passion for it was carried even to an Excess.

But it may be here objected, that the oldest Writings among the *Greeks* are already supposed by *Horace* to be the best, which seems inconsistent with this Reasoning. The Answer is not difficult; for although *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Pindar*, &c. were in the Time of *Horace*, and perhaps long before, reckoned the oldest *Greek* Writers, and by far the best in Comparison of that degenerate Race that followed in the Days of Slavery and Oppression; yet is it certain, that Poetry long subsisted in *Greece* before *Homer's* Time, and must have been many Years growing up to that Perfection to which he raised it; nor is it any Wonder that those first rude, and faint Draughts should in Time disappear, and give Place to the more finished Works afterwards formed by that great Example which *Homer* shewed the World.

(bb) *Parthis Mendacior*, The *Parthians* were never more resolved and prepared for Battle than when they seemed to decline it, it being their Custom to feign a Flight, and afterwards turn suddenly upon the Enemy, when they were disordered by the Pursuit, and least expected a Charge; for this reason *Horace* says, he outlives the *Parthians*, when he pretends to disown Poetry at the very Time he is most intent upon it.

(cc) *Castis cum Pueris*, He alludes in this Place to the *Carmen Saculare* that was sung every Century, by a Choir of *Patrician* Youths and Virgins, in Honour of those Gods who were looked upon as Guardians of the *Roman* Empire, especially *Apollo* and *Diana*, they being the principal Regents of the Year, and its Seasons; the Sun and Moon likewise being supposed by the Antients to have no small Influence over human Affairs. There is moreover a particular Reason why *Apollo* was invoked and celebrated upon these solemn Occasions, for it was by his Impulse and Direction that *Aeneas* pursued his Voyage to *Italy*, and consequently became the Founder of the *Roman* State. Although *Horace* shews a great deal of Address in all he says before this in favour of the poetical Profession, yet his Art appears more particularly in this Place, where he shews the Usefulness of Poetry to Religion; for he himself composed a secular Hymn, by the Command of *Augustus*, which we have at the End of his *Epodes*.

(dd) *Agricola prisca*, We have here the first rude Essays of Poetry, especailly Dramatic, among the *Romans*, which, from little extemporary Pieces of Raillery wherewith the Country People diverted one another at their religious Assemblies, soon degenerated into the most gross and obscene kind of Ribaldry invented by the Inhabitants of *Fescennia*, which growing to an intolerable Degree of Licentiousness, so as not to spare the most honourable Families, was at length restrained by Law. We have the same Observation made on the old *Greek* Comedy in the Art of Poetry,

—Sed in vitium Libertas excidit & vim
Dignam lege regi; lex est accepta, chorusq;
Turpiter obtinuit, sublato jure nocendi;

This Reformation produced the antient Satire, which although free from that Grossness and Obscenity above-mentioned, was yet very far from being any way just and regular in it's Composition, or polished in it's Stile; so that the *Roman* Poetry (if such may be called Poetry at all) still continued in a State of *Barbarism*, until the Introduction of the *Grecian* Writings.

(ee) *Quinetiam lex, panaq; lata*, This was one of the Laws of the twelve Tables, which made it capital for any Person to write a scandalous Libel upon another.

(ff) *Gracia capta serum Victorem cepit*, The Contrast here between *capta* & *cepit* is very poetical.

(gg) *Punica bella*, Although this be the plural Number, yet the first *Punic* War only is meant, immediately after which the *Roman* Taste began to refine. For then the *Greek* Authors were applied to and imitated, and several of their Works were translated by *Andronicus*, and the succeeding Writers, *Navius*, *Ennius*, *Pacuvius*, &c.

(hh) *Sophocles & Thespis & Aeschylus*, To these three the *Greek* Tragedy owes it's Origin, Improvement, and Perfection. Of *Thespis* and *Aeschylus* our Author speaks thus in his Art of Poetry,

Ignotum Tragica genus invenisse Camana
Dicitur, & planstris vexisse poemata Thespis,

*Quæ canerent agerentq; peruncti facibus ora.
Post hunc persona pallaq; repertor honesta
Æschylus & modicis instravit pulpita tignis;
Et docuit magnumq; loqui, nitiq; cothurno.*

But it was *Sophocles* who put the last Hand to the Work, and finished it in all its Parts.

(ii) *Sed turpem putat,* We find the like Censure in the Art of Poetry,

*Nec virtute foret, clarior potentius armis
Quam lingua Latium, si non offenderet unum
Quemq; Poetarum lima labor & mora.*

(kk) *Creditur ex medio,* After Tragedy, what comes next under his Consideration is Comedy, which People took to be an easy kind of Writing, as having only common Life to Copy. To regulate this wrong Notion, he observes, that as there is a greater Exactness than ordinary expected in this Work, it consequently requires the more Skill and Labour to maintain a Justness and Propriety in it's Characters, whereof the People are the better able to judge, in as much as they are taken from among themselves; but the Case is otherwise in Tragedy, where the Greatness of the Subject, the Vehemence of the Passions, and Pomp of Stile are often apt to divert the Mind from prying narrowly into several of it's Faults.

But farther to convince the People of their Error concerning Comedy, he produces Instances wherein *Plautus* and *Dossennus*, who were reckoned great Masters in their Way, betray'd a Weakness of Judgment, and came very far short of Perfection.

(ll) *Quem tulit,* After Reflections on dramatic Works, our Author takes an Opportunity to lay down the many Inconveniencies to which the Poets of his Time were exposed, who writ for the Stage, and which discouraged himself in particular from engaging in that Manner of Writing. The first he mentions are the Disquietudes those Poets must be supposed to labour under, who through a Fondness for popular Applause, make their Happiness or Misery absolutely to depend upon the Approbation or Dislike of their Audience.

(mm) *Sapè etiam audacem,* The next Discouragement is ascribed to the strange Stupidity of the common People, who in the Middle of a Play would often, in spite of all Opposition from the better Sort, have Bears or Gladiators brought upon the Stage.

(nn) *Verum Equitis quoq;* Here the Men of Rank likewise are censured for a Depravity of Taste in preferring the Pageantry of mock Triumphs, to the more rational Entertainments of the Drama.

(oo) *Captivum portatur ebur,* M. Dacier by *Captivum ebur* understands the Representation of captive Cities cut in Ivory; if this was the Meaning, I cannot but think, *captiva Corinthus* would be a needless Repetition, as being already comprehended in the preceding Passage. I therefore chose to render *Captivum ebur* by captive Gods, whose Images were often made of Ivory, and usually shewn in Triumphs among other valuable Curiosities found in conquered Cities. In particular, we are told of *L. Memmius* who triumphed over *Corinth*, that having taken that City, he transfered to *Rome*, among other rich Spoils all its fine Pieces of Painting and Sculpture, of which we may reasonably suppose the Images of their Gods were no inconsiderable Part.

(pp) *Democritus* is very properly introduced here, as being a Person to whom the Vanities of Mankind afforded a perpetual Entertainment.

(gg) The Animal here meant is the *Camelo-pardalis*, a Creature, as *Varro* says, resembling a Camel in shape, and a Panther or Leopard in Colour. It was first shewn in *Rome* by *Julius Cæsar*. The other Animal viz. a white Elephant, was so very rare and valuable, that one of them, we are told, has been sufficient to occasion bloody Wars among the *Indians*.

(rr) *Spētareet populum,* This will appear an admirable Picture, if, while the People are supposed intent upon their Diversions, we imagine the Philosopher with his Eyes fixed upon them, and more engaged in contemplating their Follies, than the Pomp and Splendor of their Shows.

(ss) *Quibus oblitus Actor,* We are not to understand here an Actor in a regular dramatic Entertainment, but one of those Mimes, who were Performers in the mock Triumphs above mentioned, and other kinds of Shows.

(tt) *At ne fortè putes,* Least *Augustus* should think the preceding Inconveniencies were mentioned on Purpose to insult the dramatic Writers on Account of those Misfortunes to which

which they were exposed ; or that the Censure sometime before passed upon the Tragic Poets, of their not enduring to correct their Writings, proceeded from Envy, our Author in the following Lines acknowledges that the Abilities of that Writer must be surprizingly great, and equal to the most difficult Performance, who can affect the Mind as he pleases, especially by exciting Terror and Pity, which are the principal Objects of Tragedy.

(uu) *Et modò me Thebis, modò popit Athenis*, *Thebes* and *Athens* are particularly mentioned, because the Scenes of most of the Greek Tragedies were laid in the one, or the other of these two Cities.

(aaa) *Verum age*, *Augustus* being a great Admirer of dramatic Entertainments, especially of the comic Kind, which he frequented much oftner than was consistent with the Dignity of so great a Prince, *Horace* endeavours to draw him off in some Measure from his too great Attachment that way, by recommending to a Share in his Favour those likewise, who made it their Choice to write for the Closet, rather than trust their Reputation to the Humour of a proud capricious Audience ; these were the Epic and Lyric Poets, who, as he insinuates, were the likeliest Persons to fill *Apollo's* Library, and consequently deserved a proper Encouragement to pursue their Studies with greater Application.

(bbb) *Munus Apolline dignum*, The new Library built by *Augustus* on the *Palatine Hill* and dedicated to *Apollo*.

(ccc) *Multa quidem*, Here he acknowledges that their own Indiscretion and Vanity were often the Occasion of their being neglected, which he designs not only as some Apology for *Cesar's* too great Adherence and Partiality to the other kind of Writings, but likewise as a seasonable Lecture to the Poets themselves.

(ddd) *Ædituos*, These were the Priests who had the principal Charge of the Temples of the Gods, and were for this Reason the best instructed in all the Rites and Mysteries of the Deities, on whose Service they attended ; our Author therefore by one Word not only deifies Virtue, but represents those Poets, who were worthy to be employed in celebrating her Praises, as Persons of a sacred Character.

(eee) *Præter Apellem*, *Plutarch* observes, that of two *Alexanders*, the one, who was the Son of *Philip*, was invincible, the other, which was the Work of *Apelles*, inimitable.

(fff) *At neq; dedecorant*, Our Author, by the Praises which in so generous a Manner he in this Place gives to the two only Persons, who could possibly rival him in the Favour of his Prince, shews that Envy is a Passion unknown to great Minds. In the Beginning of this Epistle, we see *Augustus* extolled above the greatest Chiefs of Antiquity for all heroic Virtues : But here to finish the Character, we find a Comparison drawn between him and *Alexander the Great*, in regard to a fine Taste for Letters, much to the Advantage and Honour of *Cesar*.

(ggg) *Arces montibus impositas*, I know that most Commentators (of whom *M. Dacier* is one) understand this Passage in a different Manner from that wherein I have taken it, by referring *Arces* to those Redoubts and Garrisons which *Drusus* built in his March along the *Rhine*, the *Elbe*, the *Meuse*, and the *Weser*. But I chose to be directed by *Horace* himself, who speaking of the same *Drusus* in his fourteenth Ode, of the fourth Book, which he inscribes to *Augustus*, has these Words,

— — — — — *Et Arces*
Alpibus impositas tremendis
Dejecit acer plus vice simplici.

(bbb) *Claustraq; custodem pacis cōhibentia Janum* ; *Augustus* is complimented (Ode 15. B. 4.) on this Occasion, as well as upon his Recovering from the *Parthians* the Ensigns which they had taken from *Crassus* and *Anthony*, and hung up in their Temples ;

— — — — — *Tua, Cesar, atas*
Fruges et agris rettulit uberes,
Et signa nostro restituit Jovi,
Direpta Parthorum superbis
Postibus ; & vacuum duellis
Janum Quirini clausit :

He is said to have shut this Temple three Times during his Reign.

(iii) *Et formidatam Parthis, te Principe, Romam* ; The *Parthians* having extended their Empire almost over all the East beyond the River *Euphrates*, and growing extremely haughty upon the entire Defeat of *Crassus*, and the several Advantages they had gained over *Anthony*, began to look upon themselves as able to dispute the Sovereignty of the World with the *Romans* ; the humbling of them, therefore, must have been a considerable Glory to *Augustus*.

Epistola II. ad Julium Florum.

(a) **F**lore, bono claroq; fidelis amice (b) Neroni,
Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis,

Et tecum sic agat; hic et
Candidus, Et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos ;
Fiet eritq; tuus nummorum (c) millibus octo ;
Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles,
Litterulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
Cuilibet :

argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ :

Quin etiam canet (d) indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo
Laudat venales qui vult extrudere merces :
Res urget me nulla, meo sum pauper in ære :
Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi :

non temerè a me

Quivis ferret idem: (e) semel hic cessavit; et, ut fit,

Epistle II. To *Julius Florus*.

Florus, the brave illustrious Nero's Friend,
 Suppose you were to buy some Countrey-lad,
 His several Qualities declar'd, and Terms
 Of Purchase by the Merchant thus laid down:
 " You see he's beautiful, exactly made;
 " His Price is but eight thousand Sesterces;
 " A Nod's enough, he'll execute with ease
 " And Pleasure your Commands; by Nature turn'd
 " For every Art, beneath your forming Hand,
 " He may be molded to what Shape you please,
 " Ductile, and pliant as the the softest Wax;
 " Besides a smatt'ring in the *Greek*, by Ear
 " He'll sing a merry Catch to cheer your Wine.
 " I know that Praises too profuse give Room
 " For shrewd Suspicion of a Cheat; but I
 " Am no way pinch'd, the little that I have
 " Is all my own; no Dealer you cou'd meet
 " Wou'd act so candidly; but you're a Friend—
 " He once was dilatory, I confess,

In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ.

Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædat.

Ille ferat pretium pænæ securus, opinor ;

Prudens emisisti vitiosum : dicta tibi est lex :

Insequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris inquâ.

(f) Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi

Talibus officiis propè mancum ;

ne mea sævus

Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.

Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura

Si tamen attentas ?

quereris super hoc etiam quod

Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

(g) Luculli miles collecta (h) viatica multis

Ærumnis,

lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem

Perdiderat : post hoc vehemens lupo,

et sibi et hosti

Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,

Præsidium

" And so absconded to avoid the Lash,
 " A Thing that's nat'ral to expect from Boys.
 " If you can overlook this only Fault,
 " Pay down the mention'd Sum, and he is yours.
 The Bargain, I suppose, will stand secure
 Of Censure from the Law ; you knew this Lad
 Was faulty, yet you'll prosecute the Man.
 I told you at departure I was slow,
 The worst of Correspondents, and unfit
 For those kind Offices that Friendship claims :
 Thus I remov'd all Grounds for just Complaint
 If I should fail to write as you requir'd ;
 But what does this avail, if you attack
 Both Law and Equity, that make for me ?
 You likewise charge me with a Breach of Faith
 About some Verses you've expected long.
Lucullus had a Soldier, who with Toil
 And Care made some Provision for a March,
 Which in one Night, unmindful of his All,
 Sleeping he lost ; rous'd like a furious Wolf,
 And with himself and with the Foe enrag'd,
 His Courage and his Strength by Want improv'd,

(i) *Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summè munito, & multarum divite rerum.*

Clarus ob id factum (k) donis ornatur honestis,

(l) *Accipit & bis dena super sestertia nummum.*

Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere (m) Prætor

Nescio quod cupiens,

hortari cæpit eundem

Verbis, quæ timido quoq; possent addere mentem:

I bone, quo virtus tua te vocat; I pede fausto,

Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid stas?

Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, (n) ibit,

Ibit eò quò vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit.

(o) *Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atq; doceri*

Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.

Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis (p) Athenæ,

Scilicet ut possem (q) curvo dignoscere rectum,

Atq;

He storms a royal Fort, to all but him
 Impregnable, with Wealth immensely stor'd.
 For this, besides his being crown'd with all
 The military Gifts which Honour claims,
 In Money he receives a great Reward.
 In a few Days the Gen'ral had a Mind
 A certain Citadel to take, then calls
 On him so late distinguish'd, and in Words
 Which might a Coward fire, exhorts him thus;
 " Go on, brave Man, pursue your glorious Fate,
 " Where Honour and your Virtue point the Way,
 " Mighty Rewards await your glad Return.
 The Fellow, though a Rustick, shakes his Head,
 And shrewdly cries, " He, who has lost his Purse,
 " May storm your Citadels—I'm now at Ease.

At *Rome* my Education first began;
 There did I learn how fatal to the *Greeks*
 The vengeful Anger of *Achilles* prov'd.
 What little farther Knowledge I attain'd
 With Gratitude to *Athens* I ascribe;
 She taught me to distinguish Right from Wrong,

Atq; inter silvas (r) Academi quærere verum.

(s) Dura sed amovere

loco me tempora grato,

Civilisq; rudem belli

tulit æstus in arma,

(t) Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.

Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi

Decisis humilem pennis, inopemq; paterni

Et laris & fundi; paupertas impulit audax

Ut versus facerem;

sed quod non desit habentem

Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicuta,

Ni melius dormire putem quam scribere versus?

(u) Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,

Eripuere jocos, Venerem,

convivia, ludum,

Tendunt extorquere poemata: quid faciam vis?

(x) Deniq; non omnes eadem mirantur amantq;

And seek for Truth in *Plato's* learned Groves.
 But civil Discord's wild impetuous Flood
 Broke in upon my blest'd Tranquillity,
 And, tho' to Books resign'd, and rude in War,
 Bore me along amidst ill-fated Arms,
 Unable to withstand the matchless Force
 Of mighty *Cæsar*; soon *Philippi's* Day
 Clipt my ambitious Wings, and laid me low,
 Quite stript of my paternal House and Lands.
 'Twas then that I assum'd the Poets Trade,
 By Want impel'd, that Spur to ev'ry Art.
 But now, when Fortune has repair'd my Loss,
 Shou'd I not rather chuse to sleep than write,
 What Medicine cou'd purge my frantick Brain?

Our Years impair the Vigour of our Minds,
 Age long has snatch'd away my Jokes, my Loves,
 The Gaieties of Life, the Joys of Wine,
 And now for Poetry untunes my Soul.

Besides what Writer can expect to please
 Amidst so great Variety of Tastes?

(aa) *Carminē tu gaudes; hic delectatur Iambis;*

Ille (bb) Bioneis sermonibus & sale nigro.

Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis tu quod jubet alter,

Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumq; duobus.

(cc) *Præter cætera me Romæ ne poemata censes*

Scribere posse inter tot curas totq; labores?

Hic sponsum vocat,

hic auditum scripta, relictis

Omnibus Officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

Hic extremo in Aventino: visendus uterque:

Intervalla vides humanè commoda. (dd) Verum

Puræ sunt plateæ,

nihil ut meditantibus obstat.

Festinat calidus

mulis gerulisq; redemptor:

Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:

Tristia robustis

(ee) luctantur funera plaustis:

Hac

You like the Lyric Song ; another loves
 The keen Iambic ; and a third admires
 The bitter Gall that flows from *Bion's* Pen.
 Scarce in one Company can three be found
 Who relish the same Thing ; I'm at a Loss
 How to prepare ; what's delicate to you,
 Nauseous, insipid to the rest will seem.

Moreover can you think that *Rome's* a Place
 For writing, in the midst of Noise and Cares ?
 Now I am call'd in haste to bail a Friend ;
 Now by a Brother-Bard I'm importun'd
 To hear his Verses read ; both I must see,
 All other Bus'ness dropt ; though the whole Town,
 A tolerable Distance, lyes between.
 But then the Streets are silent, always clear,
 Where nothing can disturb the studious Mind.
 True — when an Undertaker now comes on
 With Mules and Porters crowding at his Heels ;
 Now Stones and Beams are rais'd by huge Machines ;
 Now funeral Processions Waggon's meet
 And struggle for the Way ; now a fierce Dog

Hac rabiosa canis fugit, hac lutulenta ruit sus.

I nunc, & tecum versus meditare canoros.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, & fugit urbes,

(ff) Ritè cliens Bacchi,

somno gaudentis & umbra.

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atq; diurnos

Vis canere,

& contracta sequi vestigia vatum?

Ingenium sibi quod vacuas desumpsit Athenas

Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitq;

Libris & curis,

statuâ taciturnius exit,

Plerumq; & risu populum quatit:

bic ego rerum

Fluctibus in mediis & tempestatibus urbis,

Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner?

(gg) Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor, ut alter

Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:

Gracchus

Runs here across, and there a filthy Sow.

Try now, and meditate harmonious Strains.

The tuneful Choir who claim the Patronage
Of *Bacchus*, love like him the cooling Shade,
Recesses for Repose and solemn Groves.

Will then the sacred Muse inspire my Song?

Can I with bold advent'rous Foot attempt

Pierian Heights, the Paths of hallowed Bards,

Where Frights and Uproars Night and Day abound?

At *Athens*, though from Noise and Tumult free,

Shou'd after seven long Years a Wit come forth,

With Cares and Study worn, then through the Streets
Solemn and silent as a Statue move,

He wou'd be star'd and laugh'd at as he pass'd.

What think you then, shou'd I walk here, intent

On meas'ring Syllables and weighing Sounds,

Where, like the Billows of a troubled Sea,

The restless Multitude is tost about?

In *Rome* two Brothers liv'd, the one profess'd
Rhet'ric, the other practis'd at the Bar.

True to each other's Fame, they always made

P

Themselves

(hh) *Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.*

Qui minus argutos vexat furor iste Poetas?

(ii) *Carmina compono,*

hic elegos,

mirabile visu,

Cælatumq; novem Musis opus.

Aspice primum

Quanto cum fastu

quanto molimine circum-

Spētemus (kk) vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.

Mox etiam si forte vacas, sequere, & procul audi

Quid ferat & quare sibi nectat uterq; coronam.

(ll) *Cædimur, & totidem plagis consumimus hostem,*

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo (mm) Alcæus puncto illius: ille meo quis?

Quis nisi (nn) Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus,

Fit (oo) Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,

Quum

Themselves the Topic of a mutual Praise:
 One speaks like *Gracchus*, one like *Mucius* pleads.
 A Vanity like this we Poets shew.
 Here I write Lyrics, and another makes
 The softer Strains of Elegy his Choice:
 They're both, we gen'rously allow, compleat,
 Both in their kinds prodigious Works, which shew
 The Finger of a Muse in ev'ry Line.
 If to *Apollo's* Temple we repair,
 Observe, with what solemnity of Mien
 And fastuous Brow, full of our selves, we view
 The Niches destitute of *Roman* Bards.
 Then follow at a Distance and you'll hear
 Why each of us assumes the Laurel-wreath:
 Like *Samnite* Gladiators we engage
 In a long Tryal of each other's Skill;
 Though the Attack be fierce, our Works are Proof;
 Each with an equal share of Glory parts;
 I'm call'd *Alcæus*; t'other marches off
 Who but *Callimachus*? if that won't do,
 The Title of *Mimnermus* swells his Pride.
 I must keep fair with all the waspish Tribe

Quum scribo, & supplex

populi suffragia capto.

Idem finitis studiis & mente receptâ,

Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

Ridentur

mala qui componunt carmina; verum

Gaudent scribentes; & se venerantur, & ultro,

Si taceas, laudant quicquid scripsere beati.

(PP) At qui

legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,

Cum tabulis

animum censoris sumet honesti;

Audebit quæcunq; parùm splendoris habebunt,

Et sine pondere erunt,

& honore indigna ferentur,

Verba movere loco,

quamvis invita recedant

Et versentur adhuc

intra penetralia Vestæ.

Obscurata

Of Poets, who provok'd are apt to sting,
 While I profess the Trade, and humbly court
 A popular Applause; but shou'd I once
 Come to my self and lay these Studies by,
 Their Fopperies and Impertinence no more
 Shou'd through my passive Ears Admittance find.
 But you, and I, and all Mankind may laugh
 At a dull Piece; with conscious Worth elate,
 Scorning our vicious Taste, the happy Bard
 Will give himself that Praise the World denies.

Whereas the Man, who some great Work designs
 Founded on Nature's just unerring Rules,
 Severely honest to himself will act
 As well the Critic's as the Writer's Part.
 Whatever both by Brightness and by Weight
 Appears not Sterling, or what will not prove
 A real Grace to the most piercing Eye
 He will indignant from it's Place remove;
 Although the Violence ingrateful seems,
 Although it pleads domestick Right, long grown
 Familiar, and with Fondness often view'd.

(qq) *Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atq;*

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum:

Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atq; Cethegis

Nunc situs informis premit & deserta vetustas:

(rr) *Adsciscet nova quæ genitor produxerit usus;*

(ff) *Vebemens,*

& liquidus, puroq; simillimus amni,

Fundet opes, Latiumq; beabit divite linguâ:

(tt) *Luxuriantia compescet; nimis aspera sano*

Lævabit cultu; virtute carentia tollet:

(uu) *Ludentis speciem dabit & torquebitur;*

ut qui

Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.

(xx) *Prætulerim scriptor*

delirus inersq; videri

Dum mea delectant mala me, vel deniq; fallant,

Quam sapere

& ringi.

Fuit

His native Tongue he'll search for hidden Stores,
 And ev'ry Word of true intrinſick Worth
 Which had it's Value in old *Cato's* Days,
 'Though now through Age deſunct, and buried long
 In Ruſt obſcene it lyes, by him reviv'd
 It's former Splendor ſhall again receive:
 Cuſtom ſhall be his Standard, when he Coins:
 His Eloquence ſhall with a Torrent's Force,
 Yet in a pure tranſlucid Stream convey'd
 Pour all it's Wealth into the *Latian* Tongue:
 Luxuriant Ornaments he will cut off,
 Will raiſe what's low, and what is rough refine:
 He'll labour hard to make his Works appear
 As writ with perfect Eaſe, like him who acts
 A Satyr or a Clown with ſo much Art,
 That Nature ſeems each Motion to direct.

But how much happier is the Bard, you'll ſay,
 (Let him be thought a mad Man or a Fool)
 Whoſe very Faults have Charms to pleaſe himſelf,
 Than him, whoſe Senſe too exquisitely juſt
 With Scruples of his own ſtill racks his Brain?

*Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire Tragædos,
 In vacuo lætus sessor plausorq; Theatro;*

*Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto
 More;*

*bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
 Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo læso*

*non insanire lagenæ:
 Posset qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem.*

*Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisq; reſectus
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemq; meraco,
 Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
 Non ſervaviſtis, ait, cui ſic extorta voluptas,
 Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.*

*(aaa) Nimirum ſapere eſt abjeſtis utile nugis,
 Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum;
 Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis;*

We're told at *Argos* once there liv'd a Man,
 Who with a Frenzy seiz'd for many Days
 Went to the Theatre alone, there sat and clap'd
 Imaginary Plays with vast Delight;
 Yet all the other Offices of Life
 By Reason's strictest Rule he well observ'd:
 A social Neighbour, and a gen'rous Friend,
 Kind to his Wife, and to his Slaves humane;
 A little Loss in Wine, and such like Frauds,
 He cou'd with tolerable Patience bear;
 Cou'd chuse his Road, and from an open Well
 Or rocky Precipice wou'd turn aside.
 At length through Skill and Tendernefs of Friends
 And Pow'r of Ellebore the Spell dissolv'd,
 " I'm lost, he cries, by this mistaken Love,
 " Hush'd are the Voices, fled the splendid Scenes,
 " That with a fond Delusion charm'd my Soul.

'Tis now full Time all Trifling to resign
 To frolick Youth, nor longer to employ
 My Care on fitting Notes to *Latian* Strings,
 But studying to be wise; to measure well

Sed veræ numerosq; modosq; ediscere vitæ.

Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacitusq; recordor ;

Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphæ,

Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti

Tanto plura cupis,

nulline faterier audes ?

Si vulnus tibi monstratâ radice vel herbâ

Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ

Proficiente nihil curarier:

audieras cui

Rem Di donarent, illi decedere pravam

Stultitiam : et cum sis nibilo sapientior, ex quo

Plenior es,

tamen uteris

monitoribus isdem ?

At si divitiæ

prudentem reddere possent,

Si cupidum timidumq; minus te;

nempe ruberes,

Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

Si

The just Proportions of an honest Life;
 To give the Passions each it's proper Tone;
 So learn to raise an Harmony within.
 These Thoughts I therefore silently indulge;
 If you've a Drought by drinking more inflam'd,
 Physicians are call'd in; if Avarice
 Encreases still, the more you have acquir'd,
 Must the Mind languish, and her Pain be hid?
 If for a Wound a Root or Herb's prescrib'd,
 Whose Virtue proves unequal to the Cure,
 You'll throw these by, and seek for other Aid:
 You have been told that Cares and Follies flye
 Before the great Divinity of Wealth;
 But when you find, 'though all your Chests be full,
 You're not the wiser nor the happier Man,
 Will you be still impos'd on, still believe
 A Doctrine, by your own Experience false?
 Whereas if Riches true Content produc'd,
 If Wealth could purchase Prudence, or cou'd arm
 The Soul with Fortitude, and check Desire,
 You wou'd have cause to blush, if one alive
 Burn'd with a nobler Thirst for Gold than You.

Si proprium est quod quis librâ mercatur & ære;

Quædam, si credas consultis,

mancipat usus,

Qui te pascit ager, tuus est: & villicus Orbî,

Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,

Te dominum sentit:

das nummos, accipis uvam,

Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo isto

Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse (bbb) trecentis,

Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emptum.

Quid refert

vivas numerato nuper an olim?

Emptor

Aricini quondam Veientis & arvi,

Emptum cænat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emptis

Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat abenum:

Sed vocat usq; suum, qua populus adsita certis

Limitibus vicina refugit jurgia:

(ccc) tanquam

Sit proprium cuiquam,

puncto quod mobilis horæ,

Nunc

If what your Money buys be justly yours;
 If, as the learned in the Laws assert,
 Use oft confers a Property in Things,
 The Field that feeds you is in fact your own;
 And the great Landlord's Villager, who sows
 The Corn that makes your Bread, is Slave to you:
 You pay your Money, you receive your Grapes,
 Your Chickens, Eggs, and Wine, so by Degrees
 Purchase the Lands, which cost perhaps at first
 Three hundred thousand Sesterces or more:
 Your Title is the same, whether you've paid
 Long since, or now, by Parcels, or at once.
 The Man who purchas'd into one Domain
 The wide *Veientine* and *Arician* Fields,
 ' Though he perhaps may fancy otherwise,
 Buys ev'ry Herb he daily eats, nay buys
 The very Sticks by which his Kettle's boil'd;
 Yet still asserts the Lordship all his own,
 Far as the Land-mark shews his Right confess'd:
 As if there truly were a Right in Things
 Uncertain, and in Motion still, that now
 Seem to be yours, and in a Moment pass

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte suprema
Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.

(ddd) Sic quia perpetuus nulli datur usus,

& hæres

Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam,

Quid vici profunt, aut horrea?

quidve Calabris

Saltibus adjecti Lucani, si metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro.

Gemmas, marmor, ebur,

(eee) Tyrrhena sigilla, tabellas,

Argentum, vestes (fff) Gætulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant, est qui non curet habere.

(ggg) Cur alter fratrum

cessare, & ludere, & ungere

Præferat

(hhh) Herodis palmetis pinguibus, alter

Dives & importunus

ad umbram lucis ab ortu

Sylvestrem flammis & ferro mitiget agrum;

Scit

By Favour, Money, Violence, or Death
 To other Lords, and various Titles wear.
 If thus there's no Possession fix'd on Earth,
 And if as Wave comes after Wave, we see
 That this Man's Heir another's Heir succeeds,
 What can the bursting Granary avail,
 The sumptuous Villa, all *Calabria's* Plains
 Joyn'd to the fair *Lucanian* Lawns, when Death,
 By Gold unmov'd, mows down without Reserve
 The poor, the rich, the humble, and the proud?
 Jewels and Marble, Ivory and Plate,
 The antique Statue, the expressive Paint,
 The Robe rich-glowing with *Gætulia's* Dye,
 Some cannot, others care not to possess;
 How then can Happiness consist in these?
 Why of two Brothers one to Pleasure prone,
 Vacant, and gay, prefers the Luxury
 Of Cities to the fairest rural Seat,
 Ev'n *Herod's* fruitful Palms, and olive Groves;
 While t'other rich yet still Sollicitous
 Early and late his daily Toil pursues,
 Himself neglecting to improve his Land,

Scit (iii) Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,

Naturæ Deus humane,

mortalis in unum-

Quodq; caput, vultu mutabilis,

albus & ater.

(kkk) Utar, & ex modico,

quantum res poscet, acervo

Tollam, nec metuam quid de me iudicet hæres;

Quod non plura datis invenerit:

& tamen idem

Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisq; nepoti

Discrepet,

& quantum discordet parcus avaro.

Distat enim spargas tua prodigus: an neq; sumptum

Invitus facias, neq; plura parare labores:

Ac potius, puer ut festis (lll) Quinquatribus olim,

Exiguo gratoq;

fruaris tempore raptim.

Pauperies

Our *Genius* only knows, who rules the Star
 Ascendant at our Births, the social God
 Of human Nature, who with each Man born
 Attends his Life, and, when he dies, expires;
 Whose Visage varies as our Fortunes change,
 Or dark and low'ring, or in Smiles serene.

For me, I am resolv'd what Life demands,
 What is convenient, with a lib'ral Hand
 I'll use, nor dread the Censures of my Heir,
 That the Munificence of gen'rous Friends
 By my own Industry was not improv'd;
 Yet wou'd distinguish Profligates from those
 In whom both Cheerfulness and Prudence meet;
 As wide a Difference I shou'd always make
 Between the covetous, and saving Man.
 He's only wise who still observes a Mean,
 Cautious, and yet not over-run with Cares,
 Gay, though not wild, not prodigal, yet free:
 Who Life enjoys, as Boys their Holidays,
 And, while the short the grateful Time's his own,
 Snatches the fleeting Pleasures as they pass.

T

Though

Pauperies

immunda domus procul absit : ego, utrum

Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ,

ferar unus & idem.

Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo :

Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris.

(mmm) Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,

Extremi primorum, extremis usq; priores.

*(nnn) Non es avarus; abi. Quid? cætera jam simul isto
Cum vitio fugere?*

caret tibi pectus inani

Ambitione? caret mortis formidine & irâ?

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,

Nocturnos lemures,

portentaq; (ooo) Thessala rides?

Natales grate numeras?

ignoscis amicis?

Lenior & melior sis accedente senectâ?

Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?

Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.

Lusisti

Though I desire not Wealth, be Want remov'd,
 And without Splendor let my House be neat;
 Yet, be the Vessel great or small wherein
 I sail through Life, I still shall be the same:
 My Canvas swells not with the fairest Wind,
 Yet I'm not tost about by adverse Storms:
 In Strength, Wit, Person, Virtue, Birth, Estate,
 Behind the first, before the last I come.

You are not covetous, 'tis well—but hold—
 Are you from ev'ry other Vice as free?
 Does not your Breast with vain Ambition swell?
 Is Anger with the fear of Death subdu'd?
 Can you now laugh at Dreams, and magic Pow'rs,
 Nocturnal Spectres, and the Feats perform'd
 In *Thessaly* by wonder-working Dames?
 Can you each Birth-day cheerfully salute?
 Are you not peevish as your Years encrease,
 Or grows your Temper mellowed with Age?
 How are you eas'd by plucking out one Thorn,
 When many still remain? if you're unskill'd
 In living well, resign your Place to those

(PPP) *Lusisti satis,*

edisti satis, atq; bibisti;

Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius æquo

Rideat & pulset

lasciva decentius ætas.

N O T E S.

(a) **U**LIIUS FLORUS to whom this Epistle, as well as the third of the first Book, is inscribed, upon his Departure for *Pannonia* along with *Nero*, whom he likewise constantly attended in all his other Expeditions to *Armenia*, *Gaul*, *Dalmatia*, &c. made it his request to *Horace*, that he would write to him, and in particular send him some Lyric Verses. In both which our Author having failed, and being taxed with this Neglect in a Letter from *Florus*, he writes this Epistle, wherein he very pleasantly excuses this double Omission by applying the Merchant's Case, and that of *Lucullus's* Soldier to his own Circumstances: And then proceeds to other Reasons, which dissuaded him from pursuing Poetry any longer; and concludes the whole with many excellent Precepts of Morality.

(b) *Neroni*, This was *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, who succeeded *Augustus* in the Roman Empire: Although in his old Age he was guilty of many Enormities, which have rendered his Character odious, and ranked him among the worst of the Roman Tyrants, yet in his Youth, when this Epistle was written, he was looked upon to have many excellent Qualities, and had gained a considerable Reputation in War, for which he is celebrated, Ode 14. B. 3. This may sufficiently justify the two Epithets here given him; the former of which we are to observe does not signify good, but brave and valiant, in which Sense the Greek Word *αγαθός* is usually taken.

(c) *Nummorum millibus octo*, A thousand *Nummi* or *Sestertii* were contained in the *Sestertium* or great Sesterce, which was worth about 8 l. 1 s. 5 d. $\frac{1}{2}$. English, according to this Computation eight thousand Sesterces will amount exactly to 64 l. 11 s. 8 d. of our Money.

(d) *Canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti*, There are some Commentators, who think that by *Indoctrum* is meant, something new, that no Person had learned before; but the Opposition that follows shews that this cannot be the Meaning; because the Novelty of a Song should rather recommend it than otherwise.

(e) *Semel hic cessavit*, *Cicero* tells us in his Book of Offices, that in selling a Slave, unless the Master declared all his Faults, the Slave was to be returned upon his Hands by the civil Law; that such a Declaration was customary, we likewise find by what our Author says (Sat. 3. B. 2.)

Sanus utrisq;
Auribus atq; oculis; mentem nisi litigiosus
Exciperet dominus, cum venderet.

Now the Slave who is here to be sold had once run away from his Master; to screen himself therefore from any future Prosecution, the Merchant owns the Fault his Slave was guilty of, but with the most extenuating Circumstances; as that he was once a little dilatory, and, as 'tis usual with Boys, hid himself for fear of being chastised: His Manner likewise of introducing this Confession, by letting his Chapman know that he lay under

Of truer Taste; you've wanton'd long enough,
 Indulg'd enough on Life's luxurious Feast:
 Rise then in Time, e'er you become a Sot,
 Laugh'd at, and spurn'd by all the sprightly Youth,
 Who with a better Grace those Joys pursue.



under no Necessity of making use of little Shifts to put off his Goods, and that he proposed dealing with him as a particular Friend, is a very natural Representation of the Cant of such People.

(f) *Dixi me pigrum*, Horace here applies the preceding Case to himself.

(g) *Luculli miles*, Lucullus is famous not only for his great Successes against *Mitridates* and *Tigranes* Kings of *Pontus* and *Armenia*, but likewise for his immense Riches, whereof we have an Instance, Ep. 6. B. R. — *Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt, &c.*

(h) *Viatica*, This usually signifies Money for a Journey, but may be also taken for any other kind of Provision for the same Purpose.

(i) *Præsidium regale loco dejecit*, The Place here meant is probably *Nisibis* a Town in *Mesopotamia*, where *Tigranes*, on account of its great Strength, kept his Treasure.

(k) *Donis ornatur honestis*, These honorary Gifts consisted chiefly in Trappings for Horses, Bracelets and Crowns.

(l) *Accipit & his dena*, This Sum answers to about 168 l. 4 s. 2 d. of our Money.

(m) *Prætor Lucullus*

(n) *Ibit, ibit eo quo vis qui zonam perdidit*, It was a usual Saying of the Emperor *Severus*, that a Soldier never was a Coward but when he was well clothed, armed, and booted, with his Belly full, and something in his Purse.

(o) *Roma nutrivit*, Here our Author, to shew the near Resemblance between the Soldier's Case and his own, gives an Account in a very short and agreeable Manner, how he came to be reduced to that Want and Necessity, which first put him upon so hazardous an Undertaking as Poetry, and then affirms it would be downright Madness in him to pursue it any longer when the Cause was removed, and consequently when he might indulge himself in Ease and Quietness.

By learning how fatal the Anger of *Achilles* proved to the *Greeks*, he means that at *Rome* he entered upon the Study of the *Classics*, which usually began with *Homer's Iliad*; for as much as *Latin* being the native Language was supposed to be tolerably well understood by Boys before they came to a Grammar School.

(p) *Athens*, Although in the Days of *Horace* *Athens* was greatly fallen from its ancient Grandeur, and Reputation for Learning, yet it still continued the principal Seat of the Muses, and the chief University to which the *Roman* Youth were sent to study Philosophy.

(q) *Curvo dignoscere rectum*; M. *Dacier* applies the Terms *curvo* and *rectum* to Lines, as if *Horace* meant thereby his learning the first Rudiments of Geometry; *Lambin* and others take them in a moral Sense. The Words will very well admit of either Explanation, but the latter seems preferable, as it agrees better with what follows; and as it was likewise very probable that the Youth were initiated in the Principles of Geometry before they went to *Athens*, where they were to be instructed in Morality and these Sciences to which Geometry was previous. This at least we are assured of, that *Plato* in particular expected so much from all Persons whom he admitted to the Study of Philosophy in his School.

(r) *Atq; inter silvas Academi quærere verum*, As it was in these Groves that *Plato* first taught Philosophy, I made no scruple of calling them by his Name, being much better known than

than that of *Academus* who was the Person that either planted or consecrated them. We are to observe in this Place that our Author by *querere verum* hints at the Doctrine of the *Academics*, who constantly denied to have ever found any Certainty in Things, and therefore professed themselves only Seekers after Truth.

(f) *Dura sed amovere*, When the civil Wars broke out upon the Death of *Julius Caesar*, *Brutus* passing through *Athens* in his Way to *Macedonia* brought off several young Gentlemen along with him, who were at that Time following their Studies; of these our Author was one, whom *Brutus* made a Tribune in his Army, an Officer pretty much of a Rank with our Colonel.

(t) *Casaris Augusti*, *Horace* shews great Address in this Place, where after representing with what an ungrateful Violence he was torn from his Studies to take part with the Enemies of *Augustus*, he gives the whole a fine Turn by an elegant Compliment to that Prince. Of the Defeat of his Party at *Philippi*, and his own particular Behaviour on that Occasion he gives a candid Account, Ode 7. B. 2.

*Tecum Philippos, & celerem fugam
Sensu relicta non bene parmulâ :
Cum fracta virtus, & minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.*

(u) *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, Our Author having given his principal Reason for pursuing Poetry no longer, viz. his being above Want, which first set him upon it, proceeds now to other Causes which induced him to decline the Profession. The first is his Age, whereby he was deprived of that Gaiety and Cheerfulness which attended his youthful Days.

(x) *Deniq; non omnes eadem mirantur*, The next Cause he lays down is the Impossibility of pleasing all sorts of People, on account of the different Tastes of Men.

(aa) *Carminè tu gaudes*, *Lambin* is of Opinion that Epic Poetry is here meant, but he is certainly wrong, for as *Florus* has shewn how his Taste lay by the Request he made to *Horace*, so the Sense wherein *Carmina* is used a little after this, where it undoubtedly signifies Lyric Verse, is sufficient to determine it's Meaning in this Place:

(bb) *Bioneis sermonibus*, *Bion* was both a Philosopher and Poet, he is remarkable for the extreme Severity and Bitterness of his Satires, wherein he spared neither Men nor Gods.

(cc) *Præter cætera me Roma*, His next Cause is the difficulty of studying amidst the Hurry and Noise of *Rome* where he then lived.

(dd) *Verum pura sunt plateæ*, This Objection he either proposes ironically from himself, or as what might be made by *Florus* or any other Person. The following Description of the many Obstacles and Inconveniencies to be met with in walking the Streets of *Rome* is enlarged upon by *Juvenal* in his third Satire.

(ee) *Luctantur funera plaustris*, Thus Sat. 6. B. 1.

*At hic si plaustra ducenta
Concurrantq; foro tria funera, magna sonabit, &c.*

The following Passage, *Hæc rabiosa, &c.* is almost transcribed by *Ausonius* in one of his Letters where he likewise mentions these Waggon's,

*Sus lutulenta fugit, rabidus canis impete sævo,
Et impares plaustris boves.*

(ff) *Ritè cliens Bacchi*, There may be two Reasons given why the Poets placed themselves under the Patronage of *Bacchus*; for either *Apollo* and *Bacchus* were looked upon by them, as one and the same God under different Names, as *Macrobius* asserts in B. 1. Ch. 18. of his *Saturnalia*, and proves by Testimonies drawn from *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, in the former of whom *Apollo* is thus invoked, *Ἀπολλων, ὦ Βακχε, ὦ Μάντις*, in the latter *Φιλοδαργε, Βακχε, Παιαν, Ἀπολλων, Ἐυλαργε*: Or, (as People will be more apt to think) when the Poets experienced the happy Influence that Wine often had upon their Genius, by elevating their Spirits and brightning their Imaginations, they readily became Devotees to the Deity, who was the Author and Giver of it. To this Purpose *Horace* delivers the Opinion of *Cratinus*, Ep. 19. B. 1.

*Nulla placere diu nec vivere Carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aqua potoribus.*

And then humourously observes—*Ut male sanos*

*Ascripsit Liber Satyris Faunisque poetas;
Vina sere dulces oluerunt mare Camæna.*

Ode 19. B. 2. *Bacchus* is represented as dictating Verses to the Nymphs, with the Satyrs all attending,

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem, &c.*

Upon which the Poet being seized with a divine Euthusiasm, by the imagined Presence of the God, thus declares the violent Agitation of his Mind,

*Eux, recenti mens trepidat metu,
Plenoq; Bacchi pectore turbidum
Latatur. Eux, parce, Liber,
Parce gravi metuende Thyrsos.*

(gg) *Frater erat Roma*, The next Objection he has to Poetry is the Vanity of those who were Pretenders to it, which he introduces by a pleasant Allusion to two Brothers in Rome, who founded each other's Praises upon all Occasions,

(bb) *Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille*, There were two Gracchi, Brothers, *Tiberius* and *Gaius*, as remarkable for their Eloquence as their turbulent seditious Spirits, which proved the Destruction of them both: As for *Publius Mucius* he was the most considerable Lawyer of his Time; *Cicero* gives him the Character of being perfectly skilled both in the Statute and Common Law; he was likewise one of the Founders of the Civil Law, of which he left behind him ten Volumes.

(ii) *Carmina compono*, In a preceding Note I referred to this Place, where it is plain that *Carmina* must signifie Lyric Verses, by the Title of *Alcaus*, which a little after this *Horace* says he is complimented with by his Antagonist.

(kk) *Vacuam Romanis vatibus adem*; Entirely empty and destitute of true Poets, untill their own Books and Statues were placed there, and consecrated to *Apollo*.

(ll) *Cadimur*, Our Author here compares himself and his Brother Poet engaged in criticising one another's Works to a Couple of *Samnite* Gladiators, because they never fought at Sharps, but with Cudgels, and consequently were in little Danger of either killing or wounding each other, for which Reason their Combat is called long and tedious. The only Use of these Gladiators (who were called *Samnites* from their Armour) was to shew Diversion at domestick Entertainments, and therefore *ad lumina prima*, when Candles began to be lighted, Supper being the principal Meal among the *Romans*.

(mm) *Alcaus* was chief of all the Lyric Poets among the *Greeks*. He is celebrated, Ode 13. B. 2. where *Horace* after speaking of *Sappho* thus applies himself to *Alcaus*,

*Et te sonantem plenius aureo,
Alcae, plectro, &c.*

(nn) *Callimachus* flourished under *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, whose Queen he complimented in his Poem called *Coma Berenices*, which Fiction was so generally received among the Astronomers of that Time who were glad of any Opportunity to pay their Court to *Ptolemy*, that one of the Constellations has ever since been called by that Name. This Poet chiefly excelled in Elegiac Compositions; but all his Works are lost, only a few Fragments of Epigrams and Hymns.

(oo) *Mimnermus* who is here preferred to *Callimachus* was likewise an Elegiac Writer, he was admirable for the Sweetness and Softness of his Stile; he writ mostly on Love Affairs, which he handled with the utmost Delicacy. He is mention'd Ep. 6. B. 1.

*Si Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisq;
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.*

(pp) *At qui legitimum*, Here he draws a fine Contrast between a judicious Writer and those Pretenders to Poetry, whom he just now represents as blinded with their Vanity and wrapt up in self-Admiration, while they were laughed at by the rest of Mankind; Whereas the true Poet, he says, who designs a just and regular Work becomes an honest and severe Critic to himself, such a one as is described in the Art of Poetry,

*Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendet inertes,
Culpabit duros, &c.*

(qq) *Obscurata diu*, Thus in the Art of Poetry,

Multa renascentur, quae jam cecidere;

(rr) *Adsciscet nova quæ genitor produxerit Usus,*

Thus ————— *Licuit, semperq; licebit
Signatum præsentis notâ producere nomen.*

And again ————— *Si volet Usus
Quem penes arbitrium est & juss & norma loquendi.*

(ff) *Vebemens & liquidus, puroq; simillimus amni,* Sir John Denham might from this Verse have taken the Hint of that celebrated Allusion in his *Cooper's Hill*,

" O could I flow like thee, and make thy Stream
" My great Example, as it is my Theme !
" Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull;
" Strong without Rage, without o'erflowing full.

It must be confessed however, that the Oppositions, wherein the chief Force and Beauty of these Lines consist, have given a new Turn entirely to the Thought.

(tt) *Luxuriantia comæscet, Thus ————— Ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta —————*

(uu) *Ludentis speciem dabit, & torquebitur,* It is always the Character of fine Writing to appear so natural and easy, ————— *Ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustra q; laboret.*

(xx) *Prætulerim scriptor,* After shewing the great Pains a just Writer must be at, and the Violences he must offer to himself in correcting his Works, *Horace* supposes *Florus* to object, that the Case of those Poetasters above-mentioned, who had no Uneasiness that Way, as being either blind to, or delighted with their own Faults, was much preferable to that Man's, whose Judgment served only to raise perpetual Scruples in his Mind; to confirm this, the Story of the *Argive* is introduced; upon which our Author takes occasion to observe, that it was now his true Interest to give himself no farther Trouble about poetical Niceties, as being trifling Amusements fit only for Youth, but rather to study Wisdom; and instead of tuning Words to his Lyre, to learn the just Measures and Proportions which compose the Harmony of a moral Life.

(aaa) *Nimirum sapere,* We are now come to the last and truest Cause that our Author gives for resigning the poetical Profession.

(bbb) *Trecentis — nummorum millibus ;* Of our Money, 2575 l.

(ccc) *Tanquam sit proprium cuiquam,* We find the same Reflection, Sat. 2. B. 2.

*Nam propria telluris herum natura neq; illum,
Nec me, nec quenquam statuit ; nos expulit ille :
Illum aut nequities, aut vafri inscitia juris,
Postremo expellet certè vivacior hares.*

(ddd) *Sic quia perpetuus nulli datur usus,* Thus in the same Place,

*Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Oselli
Dictus, erit nulli proprius & sed cedit in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii.*

(eee) *Tyrrhena sigilla,* These were little earthen Images invented by the People of *Tuscany*, and chiefly used in adorning the Frontispieces of Temples.

(ffi) *Gatulo murice tinctas,* In *Pliny*, B. 9. Ch. 36, we find this Account, *Purpura florem illum tingendis expetitur vestibus murices (pisciculi) in mediis habent faucibus..... Præcipuus in Meninge Africa & Gatulo littore Oceani.* *Gatulia* now called *Biledulgerid* is a large Country lying along the River *Niger*, it begins at the *Atlantic Ocean* and runs a vast Way up into *Africa*.

(ggg) *Cur alter fratrum,* *Micio* and *Demea* the *Adelphi* of *Terence* are here meant; the former gives his own and his Brother's Character in the following Manner,

*Ego hanc clementem vitam urbanam atq; otium,
Secutus sum —————
————— Ille contra hæc omnia
Ruri agere vitam, semper parce ac duriter
Se habere.*

(hbb) *Herodis*

(bbb) *Herodis palmetis pinguibus*, These palm Plantations were in the Plain of *Jericho*, the most fruitful and beautiful Part of *Judea*, where *Herod* had his Palace.

M. Dacier understands by *palmetis pinguibus*, the great Revenue arising to *Herod* from these Palms and the other rich Productions of *Judea*: I cannot think that this answers the true Meaning of the Author, who seems rather in this place to represent *Micio* so attached to the Pleasures of a City-Life, that nothing could invite him to spend his Time in the Coun-
treys, although he were to reside amidst as fruitful and delightful Groves as surrounded the Palace of *Herod*.

(iii) *Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat Astrum*; *Persius* had an Eye to this Place, when he says of Twin Brothers who differed in their Tempers and Inclinations, Sat. 6.

—Geminos, Horoscope, varo
Producis Genio, &c.

This *Astrum natale*, if we will believe Astrologers, is what determines the good or bad Fortune of any Person according to it's Degree of Ascent above the Horizon at the Time of his Nativity, which Ascent is called the Horoscope; the *Genius* therefore is said to rule this Star, because the different Dispositions of Mankind, which are the real Sources of their Happiness or Misery, were supposed to proceed from the Influence of these Guardian Spirits upon the Minds of those they attended.

(kkk) *Utar & ex modico*, Here he declares in what a different Manner from the two Brothers he himself proposes to act, by neither inclining to Luxury and Prodigality on the one Hand, nor Austerity and Avarice on the other, but making the Conveniences of Life the exact Measure of his Expences; thus *Persius*, Sat. 6. *Utar, ego utar, &c.*

(lll) *Quinquatribus*, These were festival Days in Honour of *Minerva*, during which Time the School-Boys were allowed a Vacation from their Studies; *Ovid* shews the Reason why they were called by this Name in the following Lines,

*Una dies media est, & sunt sacra Minerva;
Nomina quæ junctis quinq; diebus habent.*

(mmm) *Viribus, ingenio, &c.* In this one Line are comprehended all the Advantages that Men can possibly value themselves upon.

(nnn) *Non es avarus*, *Horace* supposing that *Florus* was ready to vindicate himself from the Imputation of Avarice, the Folly of which he has been all this while exposing, prevents him, by allowing that he is faultless in that Respect; but then with all the Authority and Freedom of a Man of Virtue and a Friend, he expostulates with him concerning those Vices and Weaknesses, to which he suspected him to be too much addicted.

(ooo) *Portentaq; Thessala*, The *Thessalians* were thought by the Antients to exceed all other Nations in Witchcraft, as being instructed by the famous Sorceress *Medea*, for which Reason a *Thessalian* Woman passed proverbially for a Witch.

(ppp) *Lusisti satis, &c.* This Verse is an Imitation of one in *Homer's Odyssey*,

Τῶν τετραγὼν τέτιόν τε καὶ αἰδοῖσιν ἔδωκα.

☞ At Note (nn) after *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, read, and his Son *Euergetes*, whose Queen, &c.



Epistola III. LIBER I.

Ad Eundem.

(a) **F**ULI FLORE, quibus terrarum militet oris
 (b) Claudius Augusti privignus, scire labora.

(c) Thracane vos,

Hebrusq; nivali compede vinctus,

(d) An freta vicinas inter currentia turre,

An pingues Asiæ campi collesq; morantur?

Quid (e) studiosa cohors operum struit? hæc quoq; cura:

Quis sibi (f) res gestas Augusti scribere sumit?

Bella quis et paces longum diffundit in ævum?

(g) Quid Titius,

Romana brevi venturus in ora,

(h) Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus,

Fastidire lacus & rivus ausus apertos?

Ut valet? ut meminit nostri?

fidibusne Latinis

(i) Thebanos

Epistle III. BOOK I.

To the Same.

FLORUS, I greatly long to be inform'd
 Where *Cæsar's* Step-Son now employs his Arms.
 Does *Thrace* detain you on the snowy Banks
 Of the cold *Hebrus* bound in icy Chains,
 Or the fam'd Flood, which parts the neighb'ring Tow'rs,
 Or *Asia's* sunny Hills, and fruitful Plains ?
 What Work's projected by the studious Band ?
 Who undertakes to write th' immortal Deeds
 Of *Cæsar*, and to future Times transmit
 His Leagues of Peace, and his triumphant Wars ?
 What may we soon expect from *Titius*
 To merit Praise from ev'ry *Roman* Tongue,
 Who scorning vulgar Lakes, and common Streams
 Dar'd in great *Pindar's* Spring to slake his Thirst ?
 Is he in Health, and mindful of his Friend ?
 Does he beneath the Conduct of his Muse

(i) Thebanos aptare modos studet auspice Musa?

(k) An tragicâ deservit & ampullatur in arte?

(l) Quid mihi Celsus agit? monitus multumq; monendus
Privatas ut quærat opes,

& tangere vitet

(m) Scripta Palatinus quæcunq; recepit Apollo:

Ne si forte suas repetitum venerit olim

Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula risum

Furtivis nudata coloribus. Ipse quid audes?

(n) Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma? non tibi parvum

Ingenium, non incultum est, nec turpiter birtum.

Seu linguam caussis acuis;

(o) seu civica jura

Respondere paras; seu condis amabile carmen;

(p) Prima feres bederæ victricis præmia.

(q) Quod si

Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses,

Quo te cælestis sapientia duceret, ires.

Hoc opus, hoc studium

parvi properemus & ampli,

Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

Debes

Fit *Theban* Numbers to the *Latian* Lyre,
 Or swell with noble Rage the Tragic Stile?
 Is *Celsus* now at Work? often have I
 Advis'd him to employ his private Stock,
 Nor dare to touch with sacrilegious Hands
 The Writings which *Apollo* once receives:
 Least he become ridiculous, when stript,
 Like *Æsop's* Crow, of all his stolen Plumes.
 But chiefly say what you your self attempt;
 What Sweets do you extract from ev'ry Flow'r?
 You're with a Genius blest'd, polite and great;
 Whether you whet your Tongue to plead at Bar,
 Or learnedly expound the civil Laws,
 Or with delightful Numbers charm the Ear,
 The Ivy's chiefest Honours must be thine.
 O cou'd you but subdue those Cares which damp
 And cool the native Ardor of your Soul,
 You quickly might attain the noblest Heights
 To which celestial Wisdom leads the Way!
 Be this the Work, the Study of us all
 Through ev'ry Rank, if we sincerely wish
 Dear to our Country and our selves to live.

(r) *Debes hoc etiam rescribere, si tibi curæ,*

Quantæ conveniat, Munatius,

an male sarta

Gratia nequicquam coit, & rescinditur?

at vos

Seu calidus sanguis, seu rerum inscitia vexat

Indomitâ cervice feros; ubicunq; locorum


Vivitis, indigni

fraternum rumpere fœdus,

(f) *Pascitur in vestrum reditum votiva juvenca.*



N O T E S.

(a)  HIS Epistle was written a considerable Time before that in the second Book, when *Florus* was attending *Tiberius* in his Expedition into *Asia*, whither he was sent by *Augustus* to restore *Tigranes* to the Throne of *Armenia*, and *Phraates* to that of *Parthia*.

(b) *Claudius Augusti privignus*, He was the Son of *Livia Drusilla* whom *Augustus* took from her Husband and married, when she was six Months gone with *Drusus* the younger Brother of *Tiberius*.

(c) *Thracane vos, Hebrusq;* The Motion of the Army was so very quick and expeditious upon this Occasion, that *Horace* was doubtful how far they might have been advanced upon their March when he writ.

(c) *An freta vicinas*, The *Hellepont*, which separates *Seftos* from *Abydus*, now called the *Dardanells*.

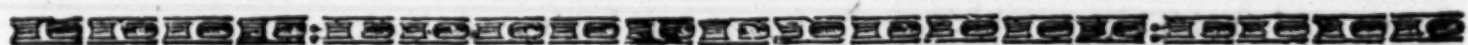
(e) *Studiosa cohors*, This was, to use the Expression of *Seneca*, *Cohors prima interioris admissionis*, a select Body of Gentlemen who immediately attended upon the Person of *Tiberius* and composed his Court, as being all Men of Letters and his Familiar Friends; of which Number were *Florus*, *Titius*, *Celsus*, &c. This Cohort is again mentioned, Ep. 8.

Ut placeat Juveni, percunctare, atq; Cohorti.

Suetonius in the Life of *Galba* takes Notice of such a Cohort as this belonging to the Emperor *Claudius*, *Receptusq; in Cohortem amicorum, tanta dignationis est habitus.*

(f) *Res gestas Augusti*, Although he has been just talking of *Tiberius* and his Attendants, he does not ask who undertakes to write his Exploits, but those of *Augustus*, because the Atchievements of *Tiberius* were carried on under the Auspices of the Emperor; he was likewise

Tell me this likewise, does *Munatius* hold
 That Place in your Affections which he ought ?
 Or was the former Breach so ill compos'd,
 That now your Friendship is again dissolv'd ?
 Whether this wild ungovernable Rage
 Proceeds from Ignorance or youthful Warmth,
 Believe me, in whatever Parts ye live,
 It misbecomes you, thus to violate
 The sacred Union of fraternal Love.
 Know, when ye're to your selves and me restor'd,
 A well fed Heifer to the Gods shall bleed.



likewise cautious of giving Room for Jealousy to *Augustus*, by too much indulging the Ambition of that young Prince who was to be his Successor, and consequently might be fond of aspiring too soon to those Honours which belonged only to the sovereign Majesty: Thus Ode 4. B. 4. in celebrating the Actions of *Drusus* he takes care to observe,

——— *Sed diu*
Lateq; victrices catervæ
Sensere quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
Possent, quid Augusti paternus
In pueros animus Nerones.

And of all the great Things he says of *Tiberius*, Ode 14. in the same Book, he refers the Glory to *Augustus*,

Te copias, te consilium, & tuos
Præbente Divos———

(g) *Quid Titius*, This was *Titius Septimius* to whom the sixth Ode of the second Book is inscribed, and in whose Favour we find the ninth Epistle of this Book to *Tiberius*, which I fancy was written before this, because in all probability it was upon that Recommendation, which is a Master piece in it's kind, that he was received by *Tiberius* into the Number of his Friends.

(h) *Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus*, *Pindar* himself could not have used bolder or happier Expressions than we meet with in this Verse; for as *Apollo* and the Muses had their *Castalia* and *Helicon*, and as there was scarce any Spring that was not sacred to some Deity, so by allowing *Pindar* his Fountain, he ascribes a Kind of Divinity to that Spirit with which he writ, and with which his Works were able to influence others: But farther; as Fountains usually rise in Places the most difficult of Access, amidst Rocks and on the Tops of Hills, and although they constantly are emitting Streams to fructify the

Vallies beneath, are yet for ever full, without the help of Dews or Rains, as deriving their Origin immediately from the Sea, so our Author by this noble Metaphor denotes the arduous and sublime, the rich and inexhaustible Genius of *Pindar*, which stood in no need of external Aids, as being abundantly supplied from the great Source of Nature herself: To shew therefore the aspiring Boldness of *Titius* in attempting to imitate *Pindar*, he says *qui non expalluit haustus*, who did not turn pale through Fear of any Danger from drinking deeply in his Spring; or *non expalluit* may represent the Strength and Greatness of his Abilities who could take large Draughts of this Fountain without growing pale, that is, without being intoxicated or overpowered thereby, People being usually sick and consequently pale after immoderate Drinking. The Praises of *Pindar* we may see at large, Ode 2. B. 4.

Pindarum quisquis studet amulari, &c.

(i) *Thebanos modos*, *Pindarique Measures*, *Pindar* being a *Theban*.

(k) *An tragica desavit et ampullatur in arte*, *Desavit* and *ampullatur* denote that furious Vehemence and pompous Swelling which the Tragic Stile requires; thus in the Art of Poetry, *Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba*.

(l) *Quid mihi Celsus agit?* This was *Celsus Peto Albinovanus* to whom the eighth Epistle of this Book is directed; he was Secretary to *Tiberius*.

(m) *Scripta Palatinus*, The Writings placed in the *Palatine Library* which was dedicated to *Apollo*.

(n) *Qua circumvolitas agilis thyma?* Thus *Horace* speaking of himself in the Ode last cited,

—————*Ego apis Matina*
More modoq;
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem, &c.

I cannot avoid transcribing a Passage to this Purpose in a celebrated modern Author, who in his *Battle of the Books*, introduces the Antients thus apologizing for themselves——

“As for us, We are content with the *Bee*, to pretend to nothing of our own, beyond our Wings, and our Voice; that is to say, our Flights and our Language: For the rest, whatever we have got has been by infinite Labour and Search, and Ranging through every Corner of Nature: The Difference is, that instead of Dirt and Poison, we have rather chose to fill our Hives with Honey and Wax, thus furnishing Mankind with the two noblest of Things, which are Sweetness and Light.

(o) *Seu civica jura*, *M. Dacier* renders this and the preceding Passage, *Seu linguam causis acuis*, in the following Manner; “*Et vous réussirez également à plaider, & à répondre à ceux qui vous consulteront,*” where there is no Notice taken of any Difference between those Laws on which the Pleadings of the Bar were founded and *civica jura*, or the civil Laws, which were far from being the same, and which are evidently distinguished in this Place by our Author, otherwise the Particle *seu* by which they are divided would be both trifling and impertinent; for, if a Man were sufficiently qualified to plead upon any Cause at the Bar, who would doubt his being able to give Advice upon the same in his Chamber?



Epistola XII. ad Iccium.

(a) *FRuctibus* (b) *Agrippæ Siculis quos colligis, Icci,*
Si rectè frueris,

non est ut copia major

Ab Jove donari possit tibi,

tolle

(p) *Prima feres hederae victricis pramia*, As the Poets were under a double Patronage, so we find they laid Claim both to the Laurel and the Ivy, the former of which was sacred to *Apollo*, the latter to *Bacchus*;

Thus, Ode 30. B. 3. ————— *mibi Delphicâ*
Lauro cinge volens, Melpomene, comam.

And again, Ode 2. B. 4. *Laureâ donandus Apollinari, &c.*

So, Ode 1. B. 1. *Me doctarum hederae pramia frontium*
Dîs miscet superis —————

Where, by what immediately follows if compared with the Beginning of Ode 19. B. 2. already quoted, we may learn to whom the Ivy belonged.

So *Virgil*, Eclog. 7. *Pastores hedera crescentem ornate Poetam.*

M. *Dacier* refers these Words *prima feres hederae, &c.* to the Passage only which immediately goes before them viz. *Seu condis amabile carmen*, Crowns of Ivy being, as he observes, usually decreed to Poets but never to Lawyers: But is it not more reasonable to think that *Horace* might use this Expression to denote the great Abilities of *Florus* for those other Studies also, which required a Genius as well as Poetry, than to suppose an Independance between Sentences beginning with the same Particle, which is thrice successively repeated.

(q) *Quod si frigida*, Our Author in this Place admonishes *Florus* of his Faults in the politest Manner, by first mentioning the noble Endowments wherewith he was blessed, and then pathetically observing that, if he could once get clear of those Failings which were the Nourishment of Cares, that cooled his Mind in the Pursuit of Virtue, he might arrive at the highest Pitches of Perfection to which celestial Wisdom could conduct him.

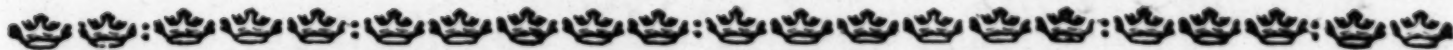
(r) *Debes hoc etiam rescribere*, It seems probable that the principal Design of this Epistle was to mediate a Reconciliation between *Florus* and *Munatius*, who was his Brother by the Mother's Side, and therefore *Horace* puts off the mentioning of this Affair to the last Place.

(s) *Votiva juvenca*, It was usual with *Horace* to make Vows of this Kind for the safe Return of his absent Friends; thus upon the Arrival of *Plotius Numida* from the Spanish Wars, Ode 36. B. 1.

Et tauræ fidibus juvat
Placare, & vituli sanguine debito
Custodes Numida Deos.

And upon the Return of *Augustus* from Gaul, Ode 2. B. 4.

Me tener solvet vitulus velicæ
Matre, qui largis juveniscit herbis
In mea vota.



Epistle XII. To *Iccius*.



Iccius, if you rightly can enjoy

The Profits rising from *Agrippa's* Rents

By you in *Sicily* collected, think

You have as much as *Jove* himself can give.

tolle querelas;

Pauper enim non est cui rerum suppetit usus.

Si ventri bene, si lateri est, pedibusq, tuis, nil

Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.

(c) *Si forte in medio positorum abstemius herbis*

Vivis et urticâ,

sic vives protinus, ut te

Confestim liquidus Fortunæ rivus inauret.

Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia nescit,

(d) *Vel quia cuncta putas unâ virtute minora.*

(e) *Miramur, si Democriti pecus edit agellos*

Cultaq, dum peregrè est animus sine corpore velox,

Cum tu inter scabiem tantam & contagia lucri,

Nil parvum sapias,

& adhuc sublimia cures :

(f) *Quæ mare compescant causæ :*

(g) *quid temperet annum :*

Stellæ

(h) *sponte suâ*

jussæne vagentur & errent :

Quid

Cease to repine or murmur at your State;
 For he's not poor, whose Wants are all supplied.
 If you have Food, and Clothes, and Strength of Limbs,
 What can the Wealth of Kings bestow you more?
 If you can now in midst of Plenty chuse
 To live abstemiously and dine on Herbs,
 In that same Course you'll still proceed, although
 Fortune flows round you in a Stream of Gold.
 For either Wealth Man's Nature cannot change,
 Or you can Virtue to all Things prefer.

While the wing'd Spirit of *Democritus*,
 From Sense abstracted, flew among the Stars,
 Cattle destroy'd his Garden and his Fields;
 But you can wonderfully reconcile
 A Thirst for Wisdom to an Itch for Gain,
 While on sublimest Things intent you search
 The Cause that over-rules the restless Deep:
 Whence rise the various Seasons of the Year:
 Whether the Stars, by Energy innate,
 Spontaneous move, or to some mighty Pow'r
 Obedient, their appointed Course pursue:

(i) *Quid premet obscurum Lunæ, quid proferat, orbem:*

(k) *Quid velit & possit rerum concordia discors:*

(l) *Empedocles an Stertinii*

deliret acumen.

(m) *Verum seu pisces,*

seu porrum & cæpe trucidas,

Utere (n) Pompeio Grospho

& si quid petet ultró

Defer, nil Grosphus nisi verum orabit & æquum.

(o) *Vilis amicorum est annona, bonis ubi quid deest.*

Ne tamen ignores quo sit Romana loco res,

(p) *Cantaber Agrippæ, (q) Claudî virtute Neronis*

Armenius cecidit:

(r) *Fus imperiumq; Phraates*

Cæsaris accepit genibus minor:

Aurea fruges


Italiæ pleno diffudit Copia cornu.

Whence the Moon's Changes in her Lights and Shades:
 Whence the discordant Harmony of Things,
 What it can mean, and what Effects produce:
 In what *Stertinius* or *Empedocles*
 Has err'd, and which the more delirious seems.

But whether Delicacies load your Board,
 Or slaughter'd Onions, Leeks, and Herbs suffice,
 Be *Grosphus* thy Familiar, use him well,
 Be you as kind as his Desires are just,
 And what he'll ask with Blushes give with Smiles.
 When good Men want, how cheap's a virtuous Friend!
 How small the Price for Modesty and Truth!

Now let me tell you how the Publick stands;
Cantabria and *Armenia* take the Yoke,
 That from *Agrippa's*, this from *Nero's* Hand:
Pbraates from the supplicated Knees
 Of *Cæsar* re-ascends the *Partbian* Throne:
 And to compleat the Glories of the Year,
Plenty through *Italy* pours forth her Stores,
 And with a golden Harvest crowns the Fields.

N O T E S.

(a)  HE Design of this Epistle is to recommend to the Patronage of *Iccius* one *Pompeius Grossphus*, who after the Defeat of young *Pompey*, was deprived of his Possessions in *Sicily*, which among other Forfeitures were given to *Agrippa*. But as *Iccius* was a covetous Man, *Horace* takes care in the first Place to represent the Unreasonableness of this Vice, especially in him, who had already a sufficient Income by the Reception of *Agrippa's*

Rents, even although he indulged himself in all the proper Enjoyments of Life, whereas being a Man of the strictest Sobriety and Abstemiousness, and one whom meer Necessaries could satisfy, he must consequently have the less Need to heap up Riches.

(b) *Agrippa*, From an inconsiderable Beginning he was raised by his great Merit to the highest Preferments, and even to the Honour of being the Emperor's Son-in-Law.

(c) *Si forte in medio*, M. *Dacier* thinks that *Horace* begins this Epistle with a kind of Dilemma by way of Raillery, the first part of which is *si recte frueris*, &c. the second *si forte in medio*, &c. the Argument of which Dilemma he supposes to proceed thus: "Either you enjoy your Fortune, or you do not; if you do, you have no Cause to complain, you are as rich as a King: If you do not, you are nevertheless at your Ease, and no less happy; since your not Enjoying thereof can proceed from nothing but a Contempt for Riches, and a Regard for Virtue." Whether this Argument be consistent with the Original we shall be the better able to judge by a fair and plain Translation of the Words themselves: "O *Iccius* if you can make a proper Use of the Profits rising from the Reception of *Agrippa's* Rents in *Sicily*, you need ask no more from *Jupiter* than you at present enjoy, cease therefore to complain; for he is not poor who has enough to supply all his Wants. If you have Food, Raiment and Health, the Treasures of Kings can add nothing to your Happiness." So far this Translation agrees with that of M. *Dacier*; but what follows he thus renders: "If peradventure in the midst of this Abundance you live on Herbs and Nettles, you are as content as if Fortune flowed upon you in a River of Gold, &c." for which Supposition there is no Room, since it is plain that *Horace* addresses himself to *Iccius* in the former Part, as a Person dissatisfied with his present Condition, by his bidding him cease to complain, otherwise the Advice would be entirely needless: Whereas according to the Exposition of *Lambin* and *Muretus* the Sense seems to run thus: "If it can be that in the midst of Plenty you now live on Herbs and Nettles, you will constantly live on in the same Manner, although Fortune should suddenly flow in upon you with a golden Stream; for either this is your natural Disposition which it is not in the Power of Money to alter, or you despise all the Pleasures and Enjoyments of Life for the Sake of Virtue" The Consequence that may be infered from hence is obvious, viz. That as the Expences of *Iccius* would always be contained within a narrow Compass, he therefore could have the less Reason to be anxious about gathering Riches: This directly answers to the main Design of the Epistle, which, as we observed before, was to recommend a reduced *Sicilian* Gentleman to his Bounty and Favour. There are likewise some particular Niceties concerning the true Import of *Ut*, and the Consistence of *Protenus* and *Consestis* in this Place, which might be insisted upon, but these I pass over.

(d) *Vel quia cuncta putas*, That *Iccius* was a Person addicted to the Study of Philosophy, or at least one who affected to appear so, we find towards the latter End of Ode 29. B. 1. which begins with a Reflection upon his Covetousness,

*Ioci, beatis nunc Arabum invidet
Gazis, & acrem militiam parat,*

*Cum tu coemptos undiq; nobiles
Libros Panati, Socraticam & domum
Mutare loricis Ibevis,
Pollicitus meliora, tendis?*

For this Reason *Horace* would seem to make no Doubt but the Love of Virtue was his ruling Passion; and then after touching upon his moral Character, he proceeds with the same

same Raillery to observe, how surprizing it was, that his Cares for Riches were no kind of Obstacle to him in pursuing the most sublime Speculations in natural Philosophy, whereby he appeared a much more extraordinary Person than *Democritus*, who could not, like him, have one Eye as it were upon Heaven and the other upon Earth at the same Time.

(e) *Miramur, si Democriti, &c.* Both *Lambin* and *Dacier* suppose a Question implied here. *Dacier's* Supposition is very proper for the Scheme which he lays down; but *Lambin* thereby entirely spoils the Sense of this Place, which, without any Question, is plainly to this Effect: *Si Democriti, &c.* "If the Mind of *Democritus* was so wrapt up in Philosophical Speculations, that he could not attend to his worldly Concerns, *miramur, &c.* we have Reason to be surprized at you, who in the midst of those Cares, wherewith the Love of *Lucre* infects the Soul, can yet pursue the Study of Wisdom, and engage in the most sublime Enquiries into Nature.

(f) *Qua mare compescant causa*: We find a Question to this Purpose in *Propertius*,

Curvè suos fines altum non exeat aquor.

(g) *Quid temperet annum*, Thus *Ode 12. B. 1.* ——— *variisq; mundum
Temperat boris.*

(h) *Sponte sua, jussane, &c.* Whether they were intelligent and self-moving Beings, (upon which Supposition was founded that divine Worship which was paid them by the Heathens) or insensible Bodies under the Direction of some first moving Cause.

(i) *Quid prestat obscurum Luna, quid proferat, orbem.* These Words may denote either the Eclipses of the Moon, or it's different Appearances every Month.

(k) *Quid velit & possit*, Thus *Ovid, Metam.* ——— *& discors concordia satibus apta est,*
And *Manilius* ——— *Sitq; hac concordia discors.*

By this *Concordia discors* is meant the Harmony arising from the four Elements so very repugnant in their Nature.

(l) *Empedocles, an Stertinius*, *Horace* in the Art of Poetry tells us of an extraordinary Piece of Frenzy in *Empedocles* ——— *Deus immortalis haberi*

*Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Influit.*

Stertinius is quoted by him, *Sat. 3. B. 2.* where he ridicules the Paradoxes of the Stoics.

Si quid Stertinius veri crepat ———

'Tis certain that there were a great Difference between the two Men; for setting aside the Fit of Madness above-mentioned, (which probably was nothing but a Curiosity that led him too near Mount *Ætna* during one of it's Eruptions) *Empedocles* was in other Respects a considerable Person as we may see by the Character given him by *Cicero*: *Agri-
gentinum quidem doctum quendam virum carminibus Græcis vaticinatum ferunt quæ in rerum natura,
totoq; mundo constarent, quæq; moverentur, ea contrahere amicitiam, dissipare discordiam.* Which Friendship and Enmity, although exploded by *Aristotle*, have a near Affinity to the *New-
tonian* Principles of Attraction and Repulsion. The Stoics went a short Way to work in their Accounts of natural Causes, by ascribing all that passed in the World to a Kind of fatal Necessity.

(m) *Verum seu pisces, seu porrum & cape trucidas*, Whether you live luxuriously, like an *Epicurean* on Fish, (which were reckoned by the Antients among their chief Delicacies) or abstemiously like a *Pythagorean* on Onions, Leeks, &c. *Horace* applies *trucidus* not only to Fish, but likewise to Onions and Leeks, as a Ridicule upon the *Pythagorean* Transmigration. Some perhaps may think that he uses the Expression on Account of the vegetative Soul which Naturalists ascribe to Plants.

(n) *Pompeio Grospho*, This Man appears in a State very different from that wherein we now see him, *Ode 16. B. 2.* where *Horace* gives us a View of his Greatness and Prosperity,

*Te greges centum, Siculaq; circum
Mugiant vacca: tibi tollit hinnitum.
Apta quadrigis equa: te bis Afro
Muvica tineta
Vestiunt lana: mibi parva ruva, &c.*

Whoever reads this Description and then considers the same Person afterwards standing in Need of being recommended to the Bounty of others by the very Man who in this Place represents his own Circumstances so vastly inferior to his, must have a deep Sense of the Inconstancy of human Affairs.

(o) *Vilis amicorum est annona*, The Market for purchasing Friends is always cheap when good Men want, that is, you may have an Opportunity of attaching to your Interest honest and worthy Persons at a small Expence.

(p) *Cintaber Agrippa*, This Year so remarkable both for the Successes of Agrippa in Spain, and Tiberius in Asia, was that of Rome 734.

(q) *Claudi virtute Neronis*, We here see the Consequence of the Expedition mentioned in the preceding Epistle, Armenia and Parthia obliged to submit to Rome, and receive from her Hands their respective Kings, Tigranes and Phraates, whom they had expelled.



Epistola XVII. ad Scævam.

(a) *Quamvis, Scæva, satis per te tibi consulis & scis,*

Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti;

(b) *Disce docendus adhuc quæ censet amicus: ut si*

Cæcus iter monstrare velit, tamen aspice, si quid

Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur.

(c) *Si te grata quies & primam somnus in horam*

Delectat, si te pulvis, strepitusq; rotarum,

Si lædit caupona;

(d) *Ferentinum ire jubebo.*

Nam neq;

divitibus contingunt gaudia solis

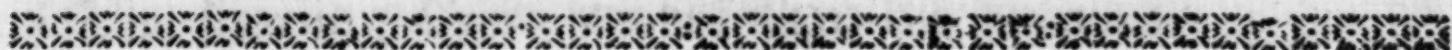
Quid

(*) *Jus imperiumq; Pbraates, Lambin* and several others render this Place in the following Manner: "Pbraates has upon his Knees acknowledged the Power and Sovereignty of *Caesar*." But this does not fully come up to the Sense of the Author, who says of the same Prince Ode 2. B. 2. *Redditum Cyri solio Pbraatem, &c.* The Words therefore must be supposed to stand thus, *Pbraates genibus Caesaris minor jus imperiumq; accepit.* "Pbraates having humbled himself beneath the Knees of *Caesar* is restored to that Kingdom which was his Right." They will very well admit of this Order and Meaning, it being usual with Supplicants to embrace the Knees of those Persons to whom they applied, thus *Virgil Aeneid 3.*

*Genua amplexus, genibusq; volutans
Hærebat*

That it was likewise customary to affix Petitions to the Knees of Images we find in *Juvenal, Sat. 10.*

Propter quæ fas est genua incedere Deorum.



Epistle XVII. To *Scæva*.

S *CÆVA*, though your Experience of the World,
To a sound Judgment join'd, has taught you well
The just Observance to be paid the Great;
Hear, if an humble Friend, in Courts unskill'd,
And a blind Guide through Fortune's mazy Paths,
Can any Thing advance of Use to you.

If peaceful Solitude and calm Repose
Delight you; if the rattling Noise of Wheels,
If Tavern-riots, Dust, and Smoak offend,
Pursue your Happiness, from Town retire.
For true Felicity may well subsist
Without the Pomp of Wealth, nor is that Man

(e) *Nec vixit male*

qui natus moriensq; fefellit.

Si prodesse tuis, pauloq; benignius ipsum

Te tractare voles;

accedes siccus ad unctum.

(f) *Si pranderet olus patienter, Regibus uti
Nollet Aristippus.*

Si sciret Regibus uti,

Fastidiret olus qui me notat.

Utrius horum

Verba probes & facta, doce; vel junior audi,

Cur sit Aristippi potior sententia. Namq;

Mordacem Cynicum sic eludebat, ut aiunt.

Scurror ego ipse mihi:

populo tu: (g) rectius hoc,

Et splendidius multo est.

(h) *Equus ut me portet, alat Rex,*

Officium facio:

tu poscis vilia rerum,

Dante

Unblest'd, who lives inglorious, unobserv'd,
 Whose Birth and Death are equally unknown.
 If Life's more soft Enjoyments you desire,
 Or wish to raise an Int'rest for your Friends,
 When poor your self keep close to Men of Wealth.

The snarling *Cynic* vented thus his Spleen;
 " Could *Aristippus* dine on Herbs, he'd scorn
 " To flatter Kings." The other well replies,
 " Had he, by whom I'm censur'd, Taste, or Wit
 " To treat agreeably the first of Men,
 " He'd quit his Herbs, and live where Plenty reign'd.
 Which of these Schemes of Life do you approve,
 Tell; or, as you're the younger, hear from me,
 Why *Aristippus* made the wiser Choice.
 This by his own just Raillery is prov'd.
 " I serve myself while I attend on Kings:
 " You court the People for a poor Applause:
 " This is undoubtedly the nobler Way.
 " By Complaisance I ride about at Ease,
 " And live in Splendor at a Prince's Cost:
 " You, in the midst of boasted Riches, beg,

Dante minor, quamvis fers te te nullius egentem.

(i) *Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res,
Tentantem majora, ferè præsentiis æquum.*

Contra,

*quem duplici panno patientia velat,
Mirabor, vitæ via si conversa decebit.*

Alter purpureum non expectabit amictum

Quidlibet indutus

*celeberrima per loca vadet,
Personamq; feret non inconcinnus utramque.*

(k) *Alter Miletî textam cane pejus & angue
Vitabit chlamydem.*

*Morietur frigore si non
Rettuleris pannum. Refer,*

& sine vivat ineptus.

(l) *Res gerere, & captos ostendere civibus hostes
Attingit solium Jovis, & cœlestia tentat.*

Principibus placuisse viris

non ultima laus est.

(m) *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum.*

Sedit

" Alms from the vilest of the Crowd you meet,
 " Thy self much viler than the Man that gives.
 The one each Circumstance of Life became,
 Who still aspiring yet was ever pleas'd:
 As for the other, whose Philosophy
 Was Coarseness in his Manners, Cloaths, and Food,
 I'd wonder, if a Court wou'd suit his Taste.
 The one, though Purple be his usual Dress,
 Will never scruple to appear abroad
 In any Thing that comes the next to Hand;
 With such Equality all Parts he bears.
 The other will avoid *Milesian* Cloth
 More than a Serpent or a Dog run mad;
 Rather than dress therein, he'll die with Cold.
 Indulge his Folly, give him back his Cloak,
 And let him glory in his Dirt and Rags.

Heroes by Victories and Triumphs seem
 To touch the Stars, and rival *Jove* himself
 With due Address to please such god-like Men
 Can't justly be esteem'd the lowest Praise.
 All are not qualifi'd for bold Attempts.

Sedit, qui timuit ne non succederet ;

esto.

Quid? qui pervenit, fecitnè viriliter? atqui

Hic erit, aut nusquam quod quærimus.

Hic onus borret

Ut parvis animis & parvo corpore majus :

Hic subit, & perfert.

Aut virtus nomen inane est,

Aut decus & pretium rectè petit (n) experiens vir..

(o) Coram Rege suo

de paupertate tacentes.

Plus poscente ferent.

Distat sumasnè pudenter,

An rapias.

Atqui rerum caput hoc (p) erit, hic fons.

Indotata mihi soror est, paupercula mater,

Et fundus nec vendibilis, nec pascere firmus

Qui dicit, (q) clāmat, victum date.

Succinit alter,

Et

He sits secure at Home, who fears Success;
 There let him sit. But is not he the Man,
 Who greatly dares, and what he dares performs?
 This, this is Merit, or there's no such Thing.
 One cautiously declines the heavy Load,
 Both for his Body and his Mind too great;
 The other ventures, and the Weight sustains.
 Now Virtue's nothing but an empty Name,
 Or the brave Enterprizer has a Right
 To Honours purchas'd by his Pains and Skill.

When in the Number of a great Man's Friends,
 Observe this Rule : A modest Silence charms,
 And more than Importunity prevails.
 It differs much how you receive a Gift,
 Whether reserv'd, or seize it as a Prey;
 A Delicacy here will gain your Point.
 The Man who still insinuates his Wants,
 Sisters unportion'd, and a Mother poor,
 His Lands unable to support his House,
 Like a meer Beggar acts. If he succeeds,
 Up comes another shameless as the first,

Et mihi diuiduo findetur munere quadra.

Sed tacitus pasci si posset corvus, haberet

Plus dapis, & rixæ multo minus invidiæque.

Brundisium comes aut Surrentinum ductus amœnum,

Qui queritur

salebras, & acerbum frigus, & imbres,

Aut cistam effractam, & subducta viatica plorat,

(r) Nota refert meretricis acumina,

sæpe catellam

Sæpe periscelidem raptam sibi flentis:

uti mox

Nulla fides damnis verisq; doloribus adsit.

Nec semel irrisus triviis attollere curet

Fraeto crure planum, licet illi plurima manet

Lachryma, per sanctum juratus dicat (f) Osirim,

Credite: non ludo: crudeles tollite claudum:

Quære peregrinum vicina rauca reclamat.



Asserts his Title, and demands a Share:
 Could but the Crow in Silence feed, he might
 Unenvied, undisturb'd his Feast enjoy.

If to some Country-Villa you attend
 Your Patron, teize him not with rude Complaints
 Of the rough Roads, the bitter Cold, and Rains,
 Your Chest broke open, and your Money Stole;
 This soon will favour of the Harlot's Cant,
 Who's still in Tears for Things she never lost.
 Now her fine Garter, now her Bracelet's gone;
 At length detected, ev'n her real Wants,
 Her Woes unfeign'd no Pity can excite.
 Thus a Mock-Cripple may for once impose
 On easy Travellers; but if the Gods
 In Justice to the Knave shou'd break his Limbs,
 In vain he weeps, and by *Osiris* swears
 He now tells Truth: "Ye cruel, help the lame"
 He bawls aloud: The Neighbourhood replies
 "Here you are known, to Strangers call for Aid."



N O T E S.

(a) **I**N the preceding Epistles *Horace* has laid down many excellent Precepts for the making of correct Writers and good Livers. Here he shews the Qualifications necessary to render a Man acceptable to the Great, Learning and Virtue being both insufficient for this Purpose without Politeness and good Breeding. He introduces the Discourse with the greatest Modesty and Address, by first paying a Compliment to *Scæva*'s own Understanding, and then acknowledging himself to stand as yet in need of Instruction from others. This is a fine Manner and perfectly agreeable to that of *Socrates*.

(b) *Disce docendus adhuc quæ censet Amiculus*; Most Commentators apply *docendus* to *Scæva*, but *M. Dacier* more properly refers it to *Horace* himself, which agrees better with the first Verse of the Epistle, as likewise with what immediately follows *Amiculus*, *ut si cæcus iter monstrare velit*, &c.

(c) *Si te grata quies*, Before he enters upon his Subject he takes care to premise that he by no Means condemns their Taste, who prefer Quiet and Retirement to the Noise and Hurry of the World, but that 'tis his Advice to such Persons immediately to pursue the Bent of their Inclinations, for as much as Happiness is not confined to Wealth and Greatness, but is very consistent with Solitude and Obscurity. Then he proceeds "*Si prodesse tuis*, &c. If you desire to be serviceable to your Family and your Friends, and to enjoy the Delicacies of Life, your Business then must be to court the Great."

(d) *Ferentinum*; A Countrey Village put here for any place of Retirement.

(e) *Nec vixit male qui natus moriensq; sefellit*. This alludes to a Precept of *Epicurus*, *λαθὲ βίους*. Thus *Ovid*. *Trist. Crede mihi, bene qui latuit bene vixit*. &c.

(f) *Si pranderet olus patienter, Regibus uti*, &c. This Objection of *Diogenes* and the Reply of *Aristippus* are taken from *Laertius*. *Aristippus* was at this Time paying his Court to *Dionysius* the Tyrant. We are likewise told he was familiar with *Alexander* the Great.

(g) *Rectius hoc, & splendidius multo est*. I cannot but think that these Words are spoken ironically, and refer to the two preceding Propositions, *Scurrer ego ipse mihi: populo tu:* and then that *Equus ut me portet, alat Rex officium facio* make the next Sentence which will stand in full Opposition to *tu poscis vilia rerum*, &c. According to this Pointing, the Sense will be as follows: "By striving to become agreeable and entertaining to the Great, I serve my self; you prefer a little Popularity among the Crowd to your Interest. This without Doubt is the much wiser and nobler Way of proceeding." The Irony of which Position he thus makes appear, "I am sedulous in my Duty that I may be furnished with all the Conveniencies and Comforts of Life: You, although pretending to an absolute Independence, beg about for the vilest of Things, by that means rendering your self inferior to the meanest Person that relieves you."

(h) *Equus ut me portet, alat Rex*, This is a Greek Proverb, which took it's Rise from a young Soldier, who being pressed by his Friends to sue for his Discharge replied *ἵππος μὲν φέρει, βασιλεὺς τρέφει*, declaring thereby how well he was provided for.

(i) *Omnis Aristippum decuit color*, &c. This Character of *Aristippus* is likewise taken from what *Laertius* says of him: *ὅτι δὲ ἱκανὸς ἀρμόσασθαι καὶ τόπῳ, καὶ χρόνῳ, καὶ πρὸς ἄνθρωπον, καὶ παντὶ περιστάσει ἀρμονίᾳ ὑποκείμενός ἐστι*.

Color bears the same Meaning in this Place, which it does, *Sat. 1, B. 2.*

Quisquis erit vita, scribam, color.

(k) *Alter Mileti textam*, 'Tis said of *Aristippus* that having one Day invited *Diogenes* to a Bath, and getting out first, he put on the other's Cloak, leaving his own Cloaths for him to wear; but *Diogenes* would by no Means touch them, chusing rather to stand naked in the Cold, untill his own Cloak was brought back to him.

That the *Milesian* Cloth was in great Esteem among the Antients we find by what *Virgil* says, *Georg. 3.*

— *Quamvis Milesia magno
Vellera mutantur, Tyrios incocta colores.*

(l) *Res*

(1) *Res gerere*, Having shewn how much preferable the Conduct of *Arifippus* was to that of *Diogenes* in Point of Prudence, and having likewise in the Character of the former described that happy Turn of Mind which is requisite for all who would be Favourites to the Great, he now observes how honourable and difficult it must be to please those who by their glorious Exploits have rendered themselves almost equal to the Gods; where he seems to have an Eye to *Augustus*, of whose Friendship and Familiarity he justly makes his Boast

Sat. 1. B.2. *Cum magnis vixisse invita satebitur usq;*
Invidia—————

(m) *Non cuivis homini*; For this proverbial Expression there are three several Reasons assigned: Either the great Luxury of the *Corinthians* which made it too expensive for a Man of ordinary Fortune to live among them: Or the difficult and dangerous Entrance of the Harbour of *Corinth*: Or the extravagant Price at which *Lais* the famous Courtesan sold her Favours. M. *Dacier* mentions only the last, which he rejects, as being beneath the Dignity of the Subject, and to save himself the Trouble of looking out for a better Account, he cuts the Knot at once by declaring his Dislike entirely to the Verse it self.

(n) *Experiens vir*, We are not to understand by these Words an experienced and knowing, but a trying enterprizing Man.

(o) *Coram Rege suo*, In the first Part of this Epistle *Horace* points out the Method whereby the Favour of great Men is to be acquired. He now shews how People are to behave when once admitted to their Friendship.

(p) *Caput hoc erit, hic fons*. I ventured to change *erat*, which is the common Reading, into *erit*, an Alteration which the Sense of this Place seems to require.

(q) *Clamat, victum date*. He speaks as plain as a common Beggar, who cries out for Victuals.

(r) *Nota refert meretricis acumina*, Thus *Ovid*,

Quid cum mendaci damno mastiffima ploret,
Elapsusq; cavâ fingitur aure lapis.

(s) *Per sanctum juratus Osirim*; *Osiris* was the same as *Apis* and *Serapis*, under which Names the *Ægyptians* adored the Sun. He was supposed to be the Patron of Vagrants, either because like him they take a Tour round the World, as M. *Dacier* thinks, or rather on account of their spending the whole Day in begging about the Roads and Streets, and therefore being constantly as it were under his Eye.



PASTORAL COURTSHIP

From *Theocritus*, Idyl. 27. to Verse 38.

Daphnis and Helen.

D. **D**ARIS, I envy not thy ravish'd Bliss,
A lovelier *Helen* gives her Swain a Kiss.

H. Be not too vain; a Kiss is but a Toy.

D. Yet even Kisses give true Lovers Joy.

H. Then I will spit it out, and wash the Stain.

D. Come then, if you have wash'd, I'll kiss again.

H. 'Tis fitter much for you to kiss your Kine,
Than to pollute such virgin Lips as mine.

D. Don't thus, proud Nymph, my proffer'd Love despise;
For Youth soon fades, and like a Vision flies.

H. The wrinkled Raisin still delights the Taste,
And Roses dry'd breath Sweetness to the last.

D. Come, come, my Fair, within this Olive Grove,
I'll tell you something—and 'tis all of Love;

Or

Or if you'd listen to a Song I've made,

Behold these Elms afford a pleasant Shade.

H. Too I well know thy smooth deluding Tongue,

I'll hear no Secret, nor regard your Song.

D. What! do you not the *Paphian* Queen revere?

H. Her I renounce: I'm chaste *Diana's* Care.

D. Tho' *Dian* be a Huntress, yet I ween,

Love's Toils are stronger, and his Darts more keen.

H. But then I'll flie his Force, *Diana's* Aid

Can sure lend Swiftneſs to a flying Maid.

D. You hope for what no other Nymph can do,

For *Cupid's* wing'd, and all his Arrows too.

H. Pray touch me not—I'll scratch your Lips I swear—

Let me be gone—thy Yoke I'll never bear.

D. Perhaps a worſe than me your Love may gain.

H. Many have woo'd, but all have woo'd in vain.

D. O let my Suit be more approv'd than theirs.

H. What can I do? for Wedlock's full of Cares.

D. Cares never can the bliſſful State annoy,

The Hours ſtill dancing in a Round of Joy.

H. But Wives, they ſay, of Huſbands live in Fear,

And muſt their Tyranny with Patience bear.

D. What shou'd a Woman dread? your Fears are vain:

We're all your Slaves, for Beauty still will reign.

H. But sha'n't I wish again to be a Maid

When the Pains come which claim *Lucina's* Aid?

D. How soon will all those Pains conclude in Joy,

When your *Diana* gives a lovely Boy?

H. My Colour then will change, my Bloom decay,

And when that's gone, you'll likewise hate to stay.

D. When e'er your Beauty fades, each dying Grace

Shall live transplanted in your Offspring's Face.

H. But shou'd I now approve your Passion, say

What * Portion is to crown the nuptial Day?

D. My Flocks, my Herds, and all my Groves are thine.

H. Swear then, you'll still be true, for ever mine.

D. Before great *Pan* this solemn Vow I make,

I never will the Tye of Wedlock break.

H. And will you make my Bed of softest Flow'rs,

Folds for my Sheep, and for ourselves sweet Bow'rs?

D. For thee, my Love, I'll softest Beds prepare,

And thy fair Flocks shall be my chiefest Care.


* Among the Antients it was customary for the Husband to make a Present upon Marriage to his Wife by Way of Dowry.

A

P O E M

Inscribed to the
 Right Honourable Lord *Howth*,
 On the Birth of a S O N.

Thetis a Sea Goddess, *Galatea*, *Doris*, *Clymene*, *Arethusa*,
Leuconoe, *Clio*, and *Ligea* all Sea Nymphs attending *Thetis*.

Thetis.  Oddeſs, whose unbounded Sway
 Rules the Motions of the Sea,
 Bid thy fair propitious Light
 Rise on this important Night.
 Great *Lucina*, genial Pow'r,
 Grant the Nymph a happy Hour;
 The lovely Nymph, as good as fair,
 Bright *Lucia* claims *Lucina's* Care.
 Crown her Pains with highest Joy,
 Crown them with a smiling Boy.
 Let Males ſucceſſive bleſs the Line
 And with paternal Honours ſhine.

Continue long the noble Race
 To ev'ry Son give ev'ry Grace
 That ever did their Name adorn:
 Great as the dead be those unborn.
 Like their own Hill, whose Brow commands
 At once the neighb'ring Seas and Lands,
 That on it's Basis fixt out-braves
 The Shocks of Time and Force of Waves,
 O may their House in Grandeur last,
 Firm as it stood for Ages past.

Galatea. Yonder, *Thetis*, turn your Eyes,
 Hither *Doris* swiftly flies,
 She flies as Joy had giv'n her Wings,
 Happy Tydings sure she brings.
 Attending *Tritons* all look gay,
 And sportive Dolphins round her play.

Doris. Beauteous Queen of Ocean hear
 The welcome News I gladly bear,
 Let the Night look fair as Morn,
 For an Heir to *Howth* is born.

Thetis. To us all this Joy belongs,
 Hail the Night with cheerful Songs,

Hail

Hail the Pow'rs that now afford

Our fav'rite Hill a future Lord.

Clymene. All your Nymphs in *Howth* delight,

All will hail the happy Night,

We'll all in choral Songs accord,

We love the Hill, and love it's Lord.

Arethusa. When Winds have shook our wat'ry Seats,

Howth has afforded sweet Retreats

Among it's Creeks, and pendent Rocks,

To bask and comb our dropping Locks.

Leuconoe. And there the Parrot and the Mew

In Mazes oft around us flew,

Untill the Murmurs of the Deep

Have lull'd us all to gentle Sleep.

Clio. How oft have we with Pleasure seen

Fair *Lucia* walk with graceful Mien,

When the hush'd Winds have fear'd to roar,

Nor angry Billows vex'd the Shore!

We've polish'd smooth the wat'ry Glafs,

Therein to view her lovely Face.

Ligea. We never shall forget the Day,

When we all rang'd in fair Array,

Wafted soft her Barge along,
 (Unseen ourselves, unheard our Song)
 She sail'd in Youth's and Beauty's Pride
 With charming *Santry* by her Side,
Santry, whose Character's compleat
 In ev'ry Thing that's good and great.

Galatea. The one all blooming, blith, and gay,
 Smil'd cheerful as the op'ning Day;
 A Lustre did her Face adorn
 Like that bright Star's, which gilds the Morn.

Doris. But like fair *Cynthia*, while serene
 And calm she holds her solemn Reign,
 Awful, yet mild the other shin'd,
 Her Face the Emblem of her Mind.

Thetis. Happy, happy they, whose Arms
 Are crown'd with such unrival'd Charms,
 Of all the Sweets of Love possess'd,
 With all the Joys of Friendship blest'd!
 The Brave and Gen'rous only prove
 The Joys of Friendship and of Love.

Chorus. The Brave and Gen'rous only prove
 The Joys of Friendship and of Love.



O D E

In sacri Regis G E O R G I I Natalem

In Aula Collegii sacrosanctæ & individuæ Trinitatis
juxta Dublinum publice recitata tricesimo die Octobris
Anno Dom. 1730. coram illustrissimis tunc temporis
hujusce Regni Primariis Justitiariis.

E C C E ! procedit sacer atq; faustus
Georgii Natalis: Io Triumphe
Voce solenni resonent Iernes

Grata Juventus.

Quemlibet vatem generosus ardor
Incitat, cum tu, venerande Feste,
Almus affulges; mea nec filebit
Æmula lingua.

Arduum & magnum stimulat Camœnam
Munus audacem: petit illa coelum
Lauream quærens cupide coronam, aut
Nobile fatum.

Jamq; me impellit celebrare Regem
 Spiritu dignum citharaq; Phœbi,
 Immemor lapsûs Phaetontis ausi
 Munia Divi.

Te decus magnum populi Britannii
 Concinam, Georgi, columenq; rerum:
 Carmini aspirant populiq; voces,
 Et tuba Famæ.

Insulam nec non Druidis sacratam
 Suavibus, curvæq; Lyræ Parentem
 Respicias, Fautor propriis Athenis
 Rite vocatus.

Græciæ & Romæ celebrantur artes:
 Præmiis virtus decorata floret;
 Atq; honos priscus, Geniusq; surgunt
 Gentis Iernæ.

Subditis cunctis Pater atq; Custos
 Audis, & justum regimen tuorum
 Commodo fundans & amore vivis
 Publica cura.

Gloriam hanc nobis ineditatus olim
 Providus dixit Gulielmus Heros,
 (Quem feret pennâ metuente solvi
 Fama perennis)

“ O Patres

- " O Patres sacri, Proceresq; Regni,
 " Angliæ O cætus populi selecte,
 " Quanta jam vobis, puerisq; caris
 " Fata revolve!

 " Non mihi, at vobis cupiens quietem,
 " Jamdiu vestræ invigilo saluti,
 " Ut fidem puram tuear Britannis,
 " Sacraq; jura.

 " Attamen frustra fugiunt Tyranni,
 " Gallicæ frustra cecidere turmæ,
 " Hostium & tabo celebris Bovindæ
 " Tinximus undam,

 " Posteris sanctè nisi sit cavendum——
 " Mater Heroum Domus ecce vobis,
 " Cæsarum fulgens simul & Britannum
 " Sanguine Regum!

 " Vobis hinc surgant venientis ævi
 " Vindices, armis, pietate clari,
 " Fortibus quorum stabilita dextris
 " Publica Res sit.

 " Illius magni Ducis ecce Virtus
 " Jam per Europæ celebrata gentes!
 " Cui triumphantem peperere laurum
 " Turcica bella.

“ Sub Lare augusto Puer ecce florens ! ”

“ Qui decor vultus, oculiq; fulgor ! ”

“ Bellicus quantus teneris in annis ”

“ Spiritus ardet ! ”

“ Ecce maturi fitiens honoris ”

“ Ille vincendos meditatur hostes, ”

“ Et sequax famæ patriæ futurus ”

“ Emicat Heros. ”

Ritè conceptas minimè fefellit

Spes tuas acer Juvenis, Wilhelmi :

Fronde victrici, tua quæ Seneffæ,

Claruit ætas.

Non eum terret glomeratus igne

Fumus immixto, tonitruve belli,

Infitas vires stimulat tremendæ

Gloria pugnæ.

Impetu quanto ruit inter hostes !

Galliæ invadunt trepidas phalanges

Clamor, Horrorq; unà, oculis retortis

Antevolantes :

Mors simul tendit: sequitur Triumphus :

Diva dum belli capiti coronam

Nectit Herois, rapidi furentis

Fulminis instar ;

Cumq;

Cumq; jam campus fluitat cruore,
Undiq; & strages satiata spectat,
Plaudit, & ridens Dea trux sonantes
Concutit alas.

Georgii tantus juvenilis ardor!
Major at virtus memoranda restat,
Clarior multo sine cæde Victor
Pace triumphat.

Cæsar Almannus simul atq; Iberus
Rektor infestis sociantur armis,
Herculis fixam manibus Columnam
Invidet alter;

Alter effusas Orientis oris
Invidet merces, sociasq; naves
Congregat, fato minimè secundo
Æmulus Anglis.

“ Nostra qui tentant temerare jura?
Britones clamant: “ nihil est timendum
“ Auspice Augusto, modo nunc Iberis.
“ Intonet oris.

Fluctibus belli nimium revulsum
Primus Heroum miseratus orbem,
Dexterâ stringens gladium, finistrâ
Tendit olivam.

Ecce quo nubes fugiunt minaces!
Juribus salvis & honore salvo,
Pax redit nobis, comes & serenæ
Copia Pacis.

Jam Fides vultu stabili decora;
 Jam redit Virtus, niveosq; mores
 Induit mundus: redeunt in aurum
 Tempora priscum.

Non semel dicemus Io Triumphè!
 Regnat Augustus: Carolina regnat:
 Clarus & floret Juvenis futuri
 Georgius ævi.

Musa jam sanctos memorare gestit
 Aureis olim similesq; mores,
 Principem quæis tu decoras Cathedram,
 Summe Sacerdos.

Pauperum verè Pater atq; Pastor,
 Charitas tecum Pietasq; vivunt,
 Gloriam tantam tua jam reflectit
 Mitra Coronæ!

Et tuum dicam moderamen æquum,
 Qui sacram Astræam colis, & bilancem
 Arbitram Juris probitate libras,
 Optime Judex.

O decus nostrum! neq; te tacebo:
 Præsidem clarum populus fatetur,
 Te simul magnum Patriæ Patronum,
 Spemq; salutat.

F I N I S.



2

SOME
REMARKS
ON

Mr. *CARTHY*'s Translation

Of the first

EPISTLE

OF THE

Second BOOK of *HORACE*.

*Tentavit quoq; rem si dignè vertere posset,
Et placuit sibi——*

D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL,

For ABRAHAM BRADLEY at the *Golden-Ball and Ring*, opposite *Sycamore-
Alley*, in *Dame's-street*. M D C C X X X I.

SOME

REMARKS

ON

Mr. CARTER'S Translation

Of the first 12.

EPITOME



Second Book of HORACE.

Testamentum quod est de signis carere possit.
Et placuit sibi

D. U. B. I. W.

Printed by S. F. OWELL.

For ABRAHAM BRADLEY at the Golden Ball and Ring, opposite St. James's
Alley, in Down's Street, M. DCC. LXXX.



SOME
REMARKS, &c.

THERE is no kind of Writers more useful to the Publick or less encouraged by it than snarling Criticks. It is not in the least strange, that that Man who takes a Pleasure in finding Fault with others, should by that Means render himself odious to all Mankind, since there is no Person that either lives or writes without a Fault. But at the same time it must be acknowledged, that these Censurers are very advantageous to Society; for where there is any real Error that takes place, they are always so honest as not to conceal it, and if at any time they chance to put a false Gloss upon real Merit, the thin Disguise only serves to make it the more conspicuous. As for the Satirical Humour of carping at the trifling and frivolous Weaknesses that are too little for the Eye of Friendship to perceive, there is no small Advantage even in that; since by means of Censure, such Infirmities are generally so greatly magnified, as to become visible even to the Person that labours under them, which would otherwise have remained incurable.

These

These Considerations methinks, are a sufficient Apology for troubling the World with this present Piece of Criticism. The Design of which is only to show that we may justly despair of ever seeing *Horace* so exactly translated, as to find his full Meaning in any other Language but his own; since this late Translation which has been attempted by such an able Hand, is not without its Faults.

The whole Beauty of good Writing, both with regard to the Dress of Language, and in a great Measure to the Sense, consists in a just Propriety of Metaphors and Allusions. And it is impossible to give a just Interpretation of this Author, or any other rational Writer, without having constant recourse to these Metaphors, in order to find out his Meaning: For as Mr. *Locke* very wisely observes, all our Words, even those that are expressive of the most abstruse Speculations, are primarily taken from obvious sensible Ideas, and from thence transferred to more mysterious Significations, so that the best way of finding out the more obscure and hidden Sense of Words, is first to search for their natural and primary Sense.

This being premised, I shall only beg leave to lay it down as a Maxim, that *Horace* never wrote any thing that was superfluous or improper. And according to this Maxim, I shall judge of this Translation.

L. 7. *Dum terras Hominumq; colunt Genus.*

While they taught Arts to cultivate the Earth,
Polish'd rude Men——

Here is a double Service conferr'd on the World by these Heroes, namely, the Tillage of Lands and the Improvement of Manners. Both these Actions are beautifully connected in one and the same Word *Colunt*; which clearly and strongly intimates that Mankind is improved after the same Manner that the Earth is tilled. But the force of this Word is quite lost, by making use of two Phrases instead of one, in the Translation. We commonly see a rapid River, after the same Manner, dividing it self into two Streams, and thereby covering a greater Space of Ground, but not retaining half the Rapidity and Vehemence as when united into one. Perhaps this Beauty might have been preserved in some such Line as this:

And cultivate the Earth and Mankind too.

L. 9. *Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis——*

Complain'd

Complain'd their Merits met with small returns
Of Gratitude and Praise——

Its very obvious that *favorem speratum* cannot possibly signifie those returns that these Heroes actually met with, but rather those returns they expected or hoped to meet with. This Expectation was no doubt, the prevailing Motive that influenced them so earnestly to pursue the Good of Mankind; and in the disappointment of this Hope, consisted the very bitterness of that Anxiety and Disquiet so fully expressed by the Word *ploravere*, and so imperfect by the Word *complain'd*. For nothing can give us a more sensible Uneasiness than to miss of that Reward, which we have not only justly deserved, but firmly relied upon as our sole Encouragement and Support under all our Toil and Labour. — But this very material Word *Speratum* is omitted in the Translation.

L. 10. ——— *Diram qui contudit Hydram.*

This is entirely omitted in the Translation, as being superfluous: Tho' perhaps not any other Instance could have served the Author's Purpose so well as this of the *Hydra*. — His meaning is thus — Even he that overcame that Monster so difficult to be overcome, yet never could get the better of that more accursed Monster *Envy*. — This must needs be very material, since nothing can be a better Representation of the prodigious increase of Envy, upon every the least increase of true Virtue and Merit, than this Monster's acquiring two Heads instead of one cut off: And it is impossible to heighten the malignant and invincible Nature of that hellish Passion to a greater Pitch than *Horace* has done, by saying, that he that was able to subdue the one, could not subdue the other; and yet we are taught in the *English* how to conquer both, and that is by facing or opposing neither,

Invidiam parare places, virtute relictâ.

L. 11. *Notaq; fatali portenta labore subegit.*
Impell'd by Fate the well-known Monster slew.

Here *fatali labore* does not signifie Labour that he was compelled to undergo by Fate, but Labour that proved fatal to him. I know 'tis a received Opinion, that *Hercules* was obliged to undergo these Toils by Fate, as a Condition of his gaining an admittance into Heaven; but *Horace* can't be supposed to allude to that, since nothing could be more improper in recounting the Exploits, and aggrandizing the Character of this Hero. than to say, He was compelled by

Fate to do what he did, for the Service of Mankind ; for this Compulsion would quite destroy the Merit of his Actions. That this Expression must have a reference to his Death, is plain, as well as from the Manner of it, as from the Coherence of these Lines ; for *Horace* having made mention of his killing the Monster *Hydra* in particular ; here observes in the general, that he subdued other *well-known* Monsters ; by which Term, he seems to hint at his killing the *Centaur* ; one of whom, to-wit *Nessus*, was the principal, though not the immediate Cause of his Death ; for when *Hercules* shot him with an Arrow poisoned in the Blood of *Hydra*, the *Centaur* out of Revenge, delivered a Garment tainted and corrupted with his own Blood, to *Deianira* ; which Garment, as is commonly said, was the fatal Means of killing *Hercules*. And thus his Service to Mankind was not only rewarded with Ingratitude, but with a painful and tormenting Death. And what compleats this shocking Image. — His final Ruin sprang from his Virtue and Bravery.

L. 13. *Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat Artes*
Infra se positas. —

For Virtue to its full Meridian rais'd,
 By the depressing of inferior Arts
 Hurts the weak Eye —

Here Mr. *Cartby* takes the Metaphor from the Sun shining in Meridian Splendour, and by so doing, he has made *Horace* guilty of a manifest Confusion, and Incoherence of Metaphors ; for how does the Sun shining at Noon-day, depress or weigh down any Body beneath it ? For that is the plain Force of the Word *praegravat*. The *English* may be well enough accounted for according to the *Cartesian* Scheme, by supposing that Light is propagated to us by the pressure of the subtle Matter ; but how shall we be able to defend the Original ? — The Expression seems in all probability to be taken from Gold, which at the same time that it outweighs all other *baser Metals*, is by much the brightest of all. What confirms me in this Opinion, is, that *Horace* joins these two Properties of Brightness and Weight together, where Gold is most certainly alluded to. As *Ep. 2. B. 2. L. 3.* See the Appendix.

Audebit quaecunq; parum Splendoris habebunt,
Et sine pondere erunt —

L. 15. *Præsenti tibi Maturos largimur honores.*
 To You even present We ripe Honours give.

Honores

Honores Maturos does not signifie ripe honours, but early Honours, that is, Honours conferr'd before the usual Time, and this strengthens the Force of the Word *presenti*. Mr. Carthy recovers the right meaning of this Word afterwards.

— — — *Mature plena* — — —
— — — Sated Soon;

L. 18. *Sed tuus hic populus Sapiens et justus in Uno.*

The Remark on this Line is something imperfect, for the Translator contents himself with barely saying, *That Horace enters here with a most happy and easy Transition from the Praises of Augustus to the main business of this Epistle*, without shewing us the Connection between the two Cases, whereas there seems to me to be a very strict one, As if *Horace* had said—Since your People are so just as to anticipate your Death, and make you a God while you reside among us, judging very rationally that your exalted and heroick Virtue, cannot be too soon rewarded and dignified: One might expect that they would act after the same manner proportionally, in Matters of a like Nature, tho' of less Moment and Concern: But we find their Practice directly opposite to this in their behaviour with regard to modern Poets, for so far are they from praising or rewarding our Merit, while we live among them, that they will by no means advance us to the Dignity of that Name 'till long after Death.

L. 20. *Cetera nequaquam simili ratione modoq;
Æstimat* — — — — —
— — — In other Things
Shew not so true a Taste — — — — —

Its plain from the foregoing Observation that this is not the full Meaning. The Sense is—They do not make an Estimate of Merit in different Persons, according to one certain fixed Standard or Rule of judging; for then if they acted consistently with themselves, as they had openly adjudged greater Honours to *Augustus* than to the Noble Ancient Chiefs of *Greece* and *Rome*, because he really was more meritorious than they; so would they also give Honours at present to the modern *Latin* Poets, no less than to the Ancients, provided they equalled them in Merit; and greater Honours, provided they really excelled them.

L. 21. ————— *Et nisi qua terris semota, suisq;
Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit, et odit.*

— As

————— As when they hate
And nauseate all that's new for being so.

There is not one Word in the Translation, expressive of the phrase, *terris semota suisq; temporibus defuncta*: I can't help thinking that there is a Gradation here, as if the Meaning were—They not only loath and detest such Performances whose Authors are not dead, but also such Works as have not gone thro' a prescribed length of Time, even after the Death of their Authors, as a sufficient proof of their Excellence. If this be not the Sense of *Horace*, no more is meant by *Suis temporibus defuncta*, than what had been already signified by *terris semota*; and then they must be superfluous and unnecessary.

L. 38. ————— *Excludat jurgia Finis.*

Here let us fix the Question in Dispute.

The *English* does by no means contain the Sense of the Author. This Expression alludes to a Land-Mark fixed between two neighbouring Fields, in order to prevent any future Controversies that might arise concerning the proper Bounds of each Field. Thus *Epist. 2. L. 170.*

*Sed vocat usque suum, quâ populus adsita certis
Limitibus, Vicina refugit jurgia.*

The Propriety of this Metaphor here is extraordinary. The Controversy is, what Writers are to be reckoned among the Ancients, and what among the Moderns; then, says *Horace*, since it is in Dispute, let a certain fix'd determinate Number of Years be agreed upon, as the proper Boundary between them both, in order to put an end to this Dispute for the future: So that those on the one side of this Number may be certainly known to belong to the Moderns, and those on the other side of it, as certainly known to belong to the Ancients.

L. 49. ————— *Et Virtutem computat annis.*

Who measure Merit by the length of Time.

Mr. *Carthy* did not perceive the Beauty of the word *Computat*, when he translated it, *Measure*. It is a term made use of in *Arithmetick*, and denotes the casting up of several particular Sums into one total. It is very expressive of the Absurdity of those that make Merit the Object of *Arithmetick*; since
Merit

Merit is a Quality, whereas *Arithmetick* is only conversant about Quantities. I am far from saying that the Translation is not proper enough.—All that I complain of is, that it does not retain the Beauty of the original Word. Perhaps it might be rendered thus,

Who number Merit by its Sum of Years.

L. 58. *Plautus ad Exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi*

Plautus is never idle, on his Plot

Intent like *Epicharmus*. —————

We may easily find out the Sense of the Original by the very reading and running of the Words. So many swift *Dactyls* in one Line is a very probable Intimation that he meant the loose, free, easy stile of *Plautus*. But suppose he does mean his hastning to the unravelling of the Plot, as some would have it; yet it were to be wished that this Elegance had been observed in the *English*. Suppose it had been thus expressed,

Plautus uninterrupted glides along

Like *Epicharmus*, —————

L. 59. *Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius Arte:*

————— To *Cæcilius*

Solemnity's allowed, to *Terence* Art.

The Translation is more obscure than the *Latin*, for there is a Metaphor in the one which renders it intelligible with a little Pains, whereas there is none at all in the other.—We find that pieces of Workmanship, whatever Mettle they are of, are valued either according to the Matter, or according to the Pains or Skill of the Workman.—The Matter is judged of by its Weight.—The Skill of the Workman is judged of by the Nicety or Art of the Work it self.—Now the Application is easy. *Cæcilius* excelled in pitching upon Subjects that were of very great Weight and Moment; whereas *Terence* knew better how to manage the Subjects that he pitched upon. The Sentiments of *Cæcilius* made a deeper Impression on the Mind; but the Characters of *Terence* were more just and natural. And now instead of this plain Meaning, we have the Words *Solemnity* and *Art* in the *English*, which convey no rational Meaning at all to Us. As a proof of the foregoing Explication, let me instance the following Line in the Art of Poetry,

Fabula Nullius Veneris, sine Pondere, et Arte.

C

L. 65.

- L. 65. *Si quaedam nimis Antique*——
Wear too antique a Dress——

Even Envy it self must confess that this is the most exact Translation in his whole Work—— An antique Dress is another Expression for a *Merry-Andrew's* Habit; and sure the old Words of every Language sound so odly, that they serve for no other purpose but to make us laugh—— How excellent would the whole Translation have been if he had followed the Original as close in every Line; nay, it would not have been so properly a Translation as a Transcription, for here is *Antique* in the one answering to *Antique* in the other, Letter for Letter.

- L. 75. *Injustè totum ducit venditq; poema.*
They shall set off and recommend the whole.

This is the Sense, but not the full and perfect Sense; the force of the Words *ducit* and *vendit* are in a great measure lost. The Expression is taken from the Custom of Slave-Merchants, placing the most beautiful of their Slaves before the rest, in order to entice Customers to come and buy the whole Number. Even as I have lately seen a very worthy Modern cull out a very beautiful Passage from the midst of his Translations, and prefix it to his Proposals for Subscription, that it might *lead* the Way and *Sell* the whole Edition.

- L. 76. *Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse*
Compositum——
I'm splenetick when I hear People blame
A Composition——

Mr. *Carthy* has both descended from himself and from the Spirit of the Author in this Line, and some few others. As a Proof of it, we may reasonably suppose that *Horace* would never have used so vulgar an Expression in a poetical Address to his Prince, nor has Mr. *Carthy* done it to his Honourable Patron.

- L. 79. *Recte necuè Crocum floresq; perambulet Attæ*
Fabula si dubitem——
Should I once doubt that *Atta's* Comick Muse
Treads gracefully the Stage, o'erspread with Flowers.

We must know that *Atta* is a Fellow that shambles in his Gate and hobbles along, and this adds very much to the Propriety of the Expression — If I so much as doubt, says *Horace*, whether *Atta's* hobbling Muse treads the Stage gracefully (which I must do if I believe my Eyes) the Senate to a Man would cry me down, as past all Shame — The Word *Crocus* here does not signify Saffron as Mr. *Carthy* would have it in his Remark on this Line; for it more properly denotes some particular Kind of fragrant Flowers. Thus *Juvenal*,

*Dii Majorum Umbris, tenuem & sine pondere terram
Spirantesq; Crocos, & in Urnâ perpetuum Ver.*

- L. 82. *Quæ Gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.*
What *Æsop's* Gravity and *Roscius* Skill,
Have represented with such vast Applause.

This seems to be the happiest Expression that ever was coined — As it is customary in speaking of the King to say, *The King's Majesty*: So in order to add the greater Dignity to the Name of *Æsop* the Tragedian, he is mentioned under the Title of *Æsop's Gravity* — This may be courtly and polite, but it does not in the least convey any Knowledge to the Mind of the Reader — The force of this Epithet is manifest from what has been said above; for inasmuch as the peculiar Subject of Tragedy is some weighty momentous Action taken from what we may call *High Life*, it requires a Person of a Majestick Deportment to act therein: Whereas Comedy that is conversant about *Low Life*, requires more Art and Skill in the Actor, than Loftiness and Sublimity. The Epithet *Gravis* then denotes, that *Æsop* was a Person of a grand Appearance.

- L. 89. *Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraq; lividus odit.*
As envious Pleasure to detract from Us.

The Poet here repeats the Words *nos* and *nostraq*; with the greatest Vehemence and Indignation. 'Tis wonderfully expressive of that devilish Passion of Envy that tears, and rends, and feeds, upon one and the same detested Object perpetually; perhaps it might be some way imitated thus,

'Tis us they lash; they snarl and bite at us.

- L. 92. *Quod legeret tereretq; Viritim publicus Usus.*
————— or how
Should their Instructions to our Hands descend.

This

This is a very expressive Line in the *Latin*, and neither the Beauty nor the Design of it has been observed. The Phrase plainly refers to Books placed in a publick Library to be worn and thumbed from time to time, by all that have a Mind to peruse them. These three Words, *legeret tereretq; Viritim*, elegantly express the frequent Resort of the *Romans* as well as *Gracians* to the Muses Seat at *Athens*. *Horace* here carries his Argument to the very height, by thus making it a Matter of the utmost Concern to the Publick, to encourage modern Authors.

L. 97. *Suspendit pictâ Vultum Mentemq; tabellâ.*
On Painting now her Soul intensely dwells.

The Word *suspendit* is acknowledged by all to refer to the Custom of hanging up Pieces of Painting in open View. I think the Phrase *suspendere Vultum*, cannot with any Propriety allude to a Person's lifting up his Eyes and gazing at a Picture. It seems necessary then to take it in this Sense—The *Gracians* took a particular Delight in expressing to the Life, both the Features of the Face, and Passions of the Mind in Painting.

L. 121. *Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet.*

There is a Gradation of Misfortunes here, not observed in the Translation:

L. 127. *Torquet ab Obscenis jam nunc sermonibus Aures,*
Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format honestis.

————— he shuts their Ears.

Against Obscenity ; with Friendly Care
Instilling Principles of Truth betimes.

Mr. *Carthy* has not remarked the obvious Distinction that is here made between *jam nunc* in the first Line, and *Mox* in the Line following ; whereas nothing is more evident than that they point out different Times assigned for different Offices — The Sense is that *even now*, while the Poet is forming the Pronunciation of the Child, he violently wrests and turns their Ears aside from every thing that favours of Obscenity ; whereas he does not begin so early to instruct them in Precepts of Morality, but waits till they arrive to some Degree of Reason. This is a most rational Method of Education ; not so much to endeavour the extirpation of Vice, as the preventing its earliest Attacks: Even then to secure the Mind against the Assaults of Temptation, when it is incapable of the Practice of Virtue.

L. 130.

L. 130. *Rectè facta refert, orientia tempora certis*
Instruit Exemplis —

He consecrates to Fame the glorious Acts
 Of all the mighty Dead, and makes their Lives
 Shining Examples for the time to come.

Mr. Carthy in this Place flies out into a sudden and irregular Enthusiasm, when *Horace* was never more sober and temperate. There is not one Word here of the *Dead*, much less of the *mighty Dead*: Nay, the Coherence makes it necessary to refer it to the Living: *Horace* is here shewing that Poets are serviceable to the Common-wealth, and the chief Advantage received from them, is the virtuous Education of Youth. He particularly shews what Method they take to attain this End; among other very useful means, they lay before them a very faithful Representation of the Actions of Mankind, and thus instruct their *early growing Years*, by proposing certain fix'd Patterns of Virtue to imitate and follow, and Examples of Vice no doubt, to avoid, for the Words seem to include them both. As *Horace* himself says,

Ut fugerem, exemplis vitiorum queque notando.

Instead of this easy Construction, we have a lofty Panegyrick upon the *mighty Dead*; which is really something better than the Original; but then let us consider that it is no less faulty in a Painter to make a Picture finer than the Archetype, than to make it worse.

L. 138. *Carminè di superi placantur, Carminè Manes.*
 Whose Offerings please the Pow'rs of Heav'n and Hell.

The great Elegance of this Line consists in the musical Repetition of the Word, *Carminè*. The very running of the Sentence strikes the Ear with an agreeable Pleasure. This should have been observed in the *English*.

The Powers above are charm'd with Harmony,
 With Harmony the Shades below — — —

This is not the only Advantage of this grateful Repetition, for it also leads us into the Meaning and Design of the Author. By thus, as it were, dividing one and the same Word, he plainly intimates that opposite Beings are soothed and delighted by one and the same Power of musical Poetry, exerting it self in
 D different

different Strains and Notes, suitable to their respective Natures. But this is lost in the Translation.

L. 140. — — — *levantes tempore festo*
Corpus, & ipsum Animum Spe finis dura ferentem.
 Their Corn laid up and Labours at an end,
 With long-wish'd Festivals relax'd their Cares.

There is not perhaps a more natural Reflection in the whole Epistle— He represents these ancient Husbandmen, after the Toil and Drudgery of Harvest was over, as meeting together in order to make merry. The Advantage accruing from this cheerful Indulgence, was not only the Refreshment of the Body, but of the Mind too. *Horace* makes a remarkable Distinction between them, and lays a very strong Emphasis upon this latter. In order to understand the just Propriety of which Distinction, we must know that after Harvest, and not till then, both the Body and Mind are at ease; for when the Labour and Drudgery of the Spring Season is past, the Body then receives a short Cessation from its Toil, but not so the Mind— for then the Husbandman is filled with an anxious Concern for the prosperous Growth of his Grain, and is perplexed with uneasy Fears lest the Weather should prove unseasonable. But these Apprehensions are removed when the Corn is brought home. The whole Life and Spirit is lost in the *English*, for neither *Soul* nor *Body* is mentioned.

L. 145. *Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia Morem*
Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit
Libertasq; recurrentes accepta per Annos
Lusit amabiliter—

There seems to be a plain Allusion in these Lines to the overflowing of a Stream, which Year after Year, at the same returning Season delights the Countryman by watering his Farm— So far it is not only tolerable, but agreeable too— But if it proceeds further to overspread the Country with its destructive Waters, then is it no longer a Blessing but a Curse. This Observation will be confirmed by considering the Manner in which he represents this rough Ribaldry and clownish Rallery to cease, which he does a little below, L. 157.

— — — *Sic horridus Ille*
Defluxit numerus Saturninus, & grave Virus
Munditiæ pepulere: Sed in longum tamen ævum
Manferunt, hodieq; manent Vestigia Ruris.

Thus

Thus translated by Mr. Carthy.

So the rough Numbers used since *Saturn's Days*,
The *Græcian* Delicacy melted down
Into a purer and a smother Stile ;
Yet not so far refined, but some Alloy
Of the old Barbarism still remains.

The Word *defluxit* does not signifie to melt down, as the Translation supposes, for it denotes properly the falling off of Waters after a Flood. Thus *Horace*,

Defluxit Saxis agitatus Humor. 1. B. 12. Od. 28. L.

The meaning of these Lines is thus— The Inundation of this Rusticity prevailed so long, that notwithstanding it has been now for a considerable time past withdrawing and retiring, yet it has left behind it the sordid Marks of its having diffused its baneful Influence over the Inhabitants. The same Thought is beautifully applied by *Longinus*, where he compares the Sublimity of *Homer* in his *Iliad*, to the Sea in its Flow ; but in the *Odyssey*, to the same Sea in its Ebb, which altho' it has suffered a vast Decrease in its Waters, yet it still discovers its former Greatness, by the moist sandy Shore that it has receded from.

L. 151. — *fuit intactis quoq; cura*

Conditione super Communi —

— And many yet unhurt

Were with a generous Indignation fired

For Virtue's common Cause —

This is also very wide from the Sense of the Author, for the Words do not hint at any such Passion as Indignation or Zeal for the Cause of Virtue ; but at a very reasonable Fear or Concern, entertained by those that were not as yet slandered, lest they should fall the next Sacrifice to this Ribaldry. It was the common Condition of the Neighbourhood that moved their Fears and Jealousies, and not the common Cause of Virtue that raised a generous Resentment in them.

L. 156. *Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & Artes*
Intulit Agresti Latio.

To

To understand the Elegance of the Phrase, *Artes intulit*, we must know that *Inferre bellum* is a most noted Phrase in *Latin* for declaring or making War, so that there is not only a Contrast between *capta* and *cepit* as Mr. Carthy observes, but also between *Intulit Artes* and *Intulit bellum*, which is truly and really Poetical; Mr. Carthy gives another turn to it, not altogether so handsom,

Greece when a Captive—triumph'd in her turn,
And broke her Conqueror tho' rude and fierce
To Love of Letters, Elegance and Arts.

Perhaps the Beauty might be preserved thus,

Now Captive Greece made War by Force of Arts,
And takes, and tames, the rude and savage Foe.

L. 166. *Nam spirat Tragicum satis et feliciter Audet.*

And greatly form'd for the high Tragick strain.

This Line is very Lofty and Elegant at the same Time, Both the Grandeur and the Art of it is owing to this Hellenism, *Spirat tragicum*. And nothing could be more happily introduced, to shew how well the *Latins* could imitate the sublime Spirit of the *Grecian* Authors, than thus unexpectedly to give an Example of it in himself. Mr. Carthy's Translation seems to be as just and proper as the *English* Tongue will admit, tho' the Line might be more literally render'd,

They truly breath and dare Sublimity.

Their breathing it shews that they have it naturally; their daring it shews, that they are industrious to work themselves up to it by Art. This refers to a mettled Steed, that not only pours forth his Vehemence at his Nostrils, but prances, and rears, and flings himself into Fury.

L. 167. *Sed turpem putat in Scriptis, metuitq; lituram.*

But to erase, or use the painful File,
Is what a Roman wit could never bear.

The

The Thought in the *Latin* is very handsom—it alludes to Children writing a Copy; who discover the greatest Care, and Nicety about the regular Form of the Characters, not in the least solicitous about the Sense: and they dread nothing so much as a Blot, because nothing exposes them more to Correction. Instead of this easy and natural Reflection, we have the painful File introduced, as if there were any Relation or Agreement between erasing or blotting out a Word, and making use of a File. It might have been thus expressed,

The Romans blush and tremble at a Blot.

L. 168. *Creditur, ex medio quia res arcessit, habere,
Sudoris Minimum; sed habet Comœdia tanto
Plus Oneris, quanto Veniæ minus.*

There is most certainly an Allusion in these Lines, to the carrying of a Burthen, and sweating under it. 'Tis highly probable that this passage refers to the noted Story of *Æsop* and the rest of the Slaves; who being every one obliged to travel, each under his Load; all of them, except *Æsop*, chose rather to take a moderate Burthen out of the common Heap: Whereas he pitched upon the *Provision* for his Load, notwithstanding that it was by much the heaviest. But he did it with a very prudent Fore-cast of Thought, for by this means he met with frequent Intervals of rest, and his Burthen grew daily lighter and lighter: Whereas those who had taken up moderate Loads at first, found no such Indulgence.

L. 187. *Verum Equitis quoq; jam migravit ab aure Voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos et gaudia Vana.*

. When Knights themselves
Give up the Pleasure of the Ear, and flie
From Sense and Wit, to Pageantry and Show.

Mr. *Dacier* is of opinion, that the Epithet, *incertos* given to the Eyes, denotes the Uncertainty we are at in not knowing what Objects to fix upon and gaze at, when a great many Gaieties are at once presented to our View: But I cannot think that this is the meaning of it, for *Horace* is not talking directly concerning a Multiplicity of Objects; nay he supposes that the People may be entertained with one single Rarity alone, such as a white *Elephant*. The word, I think, is rather referred to the short Continuance of this Pleasure, as if we could never be so certain of its Duration, as to call it *our own*. Whereas true and solid Sentiments of Virtue and Honour,

nour, received in at the Ear, make a lasting Impression on the Soul. To this it may be objected, what *Horace* says in his Art of Poetry.

*Segnius irritant Animas demissa per Aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus* - - -

Its easy to answer, that when he calls the Eyes uncertain, 'tis with regard to the irrational Pleasures of dumb Representation, which leaves nothing behind in the mind, worthy to reflect upon, when the Entertainment is over: whereas the Case is just the reverse in a rational performance on the Stage; for there Action is of the greatest Service, and has a more powerful Influence over us, when properly applied, than the finest Eloquence can have.—The Omission of this significant Epithet is inexcusable.

L. 195. *Diversum Confusa Genus panthera Camelo.*

Or Strange mix'd Animals set Crouds agape.

The exceeding great Elegance of this Line, consists in the Confusion and Irregularity of it. We can scarce find out the grammatical Order of the Words. This paints in lively Colours the Monster he is describing, whose several Limbs and Members are no less irregular. It is scarce possible to imitate it,

An Hotch-potch Animal, mix'd-motly-Breed.

L. 210. *Ille, per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit
Irritat, Mulcet, falsis terroribus implet.*

The Translation here is very good, tho' there is a wonderful Beauty omitted. *Horace* expresses himself after a concise short Manner (*angit, irritat, mulcet*) to denote the quick and instantaneous force of Poetry, bringing on a new Succession of Passions, one after another.

He leads, guides, turns, forms, frames us as he will.

Its observable, that there is no Artist has a greater Command of our Passions, than the Rope-dancer, for she surprizes and delights us; and sometimes on a sudden, fills us with Agonies and Terrors for her Safety, when she herself is in no Danger. I can't help thinking, that *Horace* had an Eye to this; and therefore it should by no means have been omitted in the *English*.

L. 216. —

L. 216. ———— *Et Vatis addere Calcar*

Ut Studio Majore petant Helicon Virentem.

And with a generous Ardour would inspire

Our Poets to ascend the Muses Hill.

The Allusion is plainly taken from the known Story of *Pegasus* the Winged-horse, who is said in his flight thro' the Air, to have struck his Foot against a Rock upon mount *Helicon*, and thereby to have opened the Fountain of the Muses, which from him is called *Fons Caballinus*. This Thought is perfectly fine, Here are both Wings and Spurs, to excite the Mettle and Spirit of Poets—The Wings, they have from Nature; the Spurs from the favour of great Men: How lame and imperfect, in comparison of all this, is the word *Ascending* in the *English*?—We must not pass by the Epithet *Virentem* unobserved; for *Helicon* is then said to flourish and look Green, when Poets are favoured by Great Men.

L. 224. ———— *Et tenui deducta poemata filo.*

Or grieve our finest Touches are not seen.

'Tis pity the Metaphor of Spinning, is not conveyed by the term, *fine touches*; for *Minerva* the Goddess of Spinning, is also the Goddess of Wit; and every fine Thread of Poetry is a Thread of fate, upon which the Poet's Success depends; and the very reason why they are not seen, is because they spin them too fine: As for Example, these *fine touches* of Mr. *Carthy's* are really so very fine, that they cannot be felt, much less seen; for I never heard of a touch being the Object of sight before.

L. 262. *Discit enim citius, meminitq; libentius illud*

Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.

For Men are apt more readily to learn

An Error ridicul'd, than Virtues prais'd.

How Mr. *Carthy* comes to talk of Errors ridicul'd, I can't possibly tell. *Horace* must speak very inconsistently if he says, that a Fool's fond Sedulity proves offensive to the Great Man he admires, because that Men are more apt to learn an Error that is ridicul'd, than Virtues that are praised. For if this were an Argument of any Force, it will equally hold good against all kind of Panegyrick, even the very best—The Translation strangely confounds this matter, in making no distinction between ridiculing Errors, and writing bad Panegyrick. For if there be any thing ridiculed, it is the great
Man's

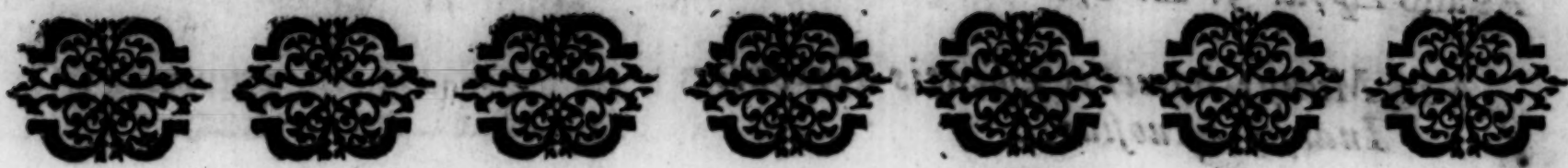
Man's Virtues, and not his Errors. *Horace's* meaning is plainly thus—The foolish fondness of a bad Poet, must be prejudicial to the Great Man he celebrates, because Mankind is more apt to retain a bad Poem in their Memory to laugh at it, than a good One in order to commend it. And the strength of his Argument consists in a very artful Insinuation, that that Censure or Derision, will be easily transferred from the bad Poet, to the celebrated Heroe; for the Heroe and the Poet are as it were, jointly concerned, and are liable to one and the same Fate, as he handsomely represents afterwards,

L. 267. ———— *Et Una*

Cum scriptore meo, capsâ porrectus apertâ

Deferer in Vicum vendentem Thus & Odores.

There is a plain Allusion here in the *Latin*, to dead Bodies carried out to Burial, lying in an open Coffin or Bier (as was the custom among the *Romans*) and perfumed with Frankincense, and other Spices, to keep them from stinking. But this Thought is neglected in the Translation.



APPENDIX.

I MUST here freely acknowledge that I am not satisfied with the Interpretation given to the 13th Line of this Epistle. In order to trace out the true meaning of it, I must beg leave to set down the whole Passage.

———diram qui contudit Hydram

Notaq; fatali portenta labore subegit,

Comparat Invidiam supremo sine domari;

And then immediately follows in the strictest connection.

Vrit enim fulgore suo qui praegravat Artes

Infra se positas; extinctus amabitur Idem.

The coherent Meaning of all which seems to be this—— Even he that overcame that almost invincible Monster *Hydra*, and subdued the *Centaur*s, tho' he afterwards perished by means of the Victory; yet found to his sad Experience, that Envy could be only vanquished by Death,—for whatever Person, like *Hercules*, outweighs or excels the Bulk of Mankind in noble Exploits, must expect like him to burn in his own brightness; but when this Flame is extinguished in his Ruin, the same Person shall be held in Admiration after his Death. That all this is wrote in allusion to the Death of *Hercules* is evident from *Horace* himself. *Epod. 17. L. 30.*

——— O Mare & terras, ardeo

Quantum neq; atro delibutus Hercules

Nessi cruore, nec Sicanâ fervida

Vrens in Aetnâ flamma———

F

As

BOOKS Printed for, and Sold by *Abraham Bradley*, at the *Golden Ball* and *Ring* opposite to *Sycamore-Alley*, in *Dames-Street*.

P Seaume de David, 8vo. 5 s.
Ditto 12mo. 2 s. 6 d.

A Select Collection of Poems, by several Hands, viz.

An Essay on Poetry by the Rt. Honourable the Earl of *Murlgrave*.
An Essay on Translated Verse, by the Earl of *Roscommon*. An Essay on Criticism by Mr. *Pope*. The Campaign, A Poem to his Grace the Duke of *Marlborough*, by Mr. *Addison*. Cooper's Hill, A Poem written by the Rt. Honourable Sr. *John Denham* Knight of the *Bath*. A Letter from *Italy* to the Rt. Honourable *Charles* Lord *Halifax*, by Mr. *Addison*. A Poem to his Excellency the Lord Privy-seal on the Prospect of Peace by Mr. *Tickle*. An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasion'd by the fragments of *Orpheus*. *Alexander's* Feast or the Power of Musick. An Ode in Honour of St. *Cecilia's* Day, by Mr. *Dryden*. The Mourning Muse of *Alexis*, a Pastoral lamenting the Death of our late Gracious *Queen-Mary* by Mr. *Congreve*; Price bound, 1 s. 7 d. $\frac{1}{2}$.

Mr. *John Phillips's* Poems on several Occasions, viz.

An Ode to *Henry St. John* Esq; The Splendid Shilling. *Bleinheim*. Cyder in two Books, with the Life of Mr. *John Phillips* by Mr. *George Sewell*, To which is added six Pastorals by *Ambrose Phillips*, Esq; Price bound, 1 s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Watts's Guide to Prayer bound, 1 s. 4 d.

Sacramental Exercises, by J. Earle 4 d.

A Sermon Preach'd at the Visitation held at *Wakefield* in *Yorkshire*; by *William Bowman*, M. A. Vicar of *Dewsbury*, 3 d.

Mr. *Bowman's* Sermon Versify'd, by *Christopher Crambo* Esq; 3 d.

P L A Y S at a British Six-pence.

THE Merry Wives of *Winfor* a Comedy, by Mr. *Shakespeare*.

Philotas a Tragedy, by *Phillip Frowde*, Esq;

Eurydice a Tragedy.

Careless Husband by Mr. *C. Cibber*.

Spanish Fryar a Tragi-Comedy by Mr. *John Dryden*.

Oroonoko a Tragedy by Mr. *Thomas Southern*.

The Lover a Comedy by Mr. *Theophilus Cibber*.

Love in several Masques by Mr. *Fielding*.

The Tragedy of *Sophonisba* by Mr. *Thompson*.

Rule a Wife and have a Wife, a Comedy by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*.

N. B Speedily will be Publish'd, Remarks on Mr. *Cartby's* Translation of the Second Epistle, of the Second Book of *Horace*.

